

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

JULY, 1946

25c





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TIME was—when the kiddies shot off a few firecrackers and we called it July. But that was before. It wasn't enough that since 1776 we'd had bunting and speeches and some sky-rockets. This is the twentieth century—well on its way to the twenty-first—and America had to take it big. For the celebration of this independence month—nothing less than an atomic bomb—and the biggest explosion ever known in the history of any independence won from whatever enemy! This is another of the devious avenues down which man pursues his ultimate happiness.

On the calendar as we knew it before the atomic bomb, this is the seventh month—the pleasant compound of picnics and sparklers, ice cream and sunburn and spankin' white sails . . . chiggerbites and the splash of cool water . . . sticky Sunday mornings in church . . . band music in the street . . . white jackets and crew cuts . . . and the girls in their summer dresses. The days blaze like a sulphurous fire in a crucible. And in the early morning, an hour before the sun, the black-birds come, whistling and fiendish, like old cackling charwomen, to scrape the crucible of day clean of the burnt black night. That's July as it has been and will be in all the forever any of us will ever know.

But in the new reckoning of time, this is the end of a year. The first twelve months of the atomic age have passed. The old year dies in the midst of a month hot and golden as brandy held against the sun. And over Bikini the first movement ends in furious crescendo.

Jetta
Editor



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Inside Front Cover—Garden swimming pool at the home of Attorney Enos Hook, 4940 Summit.
 Back Cover, Liberty Memorial Mall, Kansas City, Mo. Page 33, Ava Gardner, courtesy Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Center pages, Lenna Alexander; Page 36, R. J. (Hap) Gardner, by Hahn and Millard.

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JULY'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

ROD AND REEL

Lake of the Ozarks. For list of 112 resorts, write Lake of the Ozarks Association, Box 31, Gravois Mills, Mo.

Lake Venita. 35 miles East of Kansas City on Highway 40. No closed season. Open now. Bass, Crappies, Bluegills, Catfish.

Lake Remote. One mile north of Smithville race track on Highway F. No license required. \$1 per automobile.

Allendale Lakes. Good fishing 25 miles from downtown Kansas City. Follow Highway 71 by-pass South to sign.

Pertle Springs Lakes. Fine Bass, Crappie and Bluegill fishing. One hour from Kansas City on 50. Warrensburg, Mo.

Lake Taneycomo. Fine Bass, Channel Cat, Crappie, Jack Salmon fishing. Write Bud Brown, Box 100, Branson, Mo.

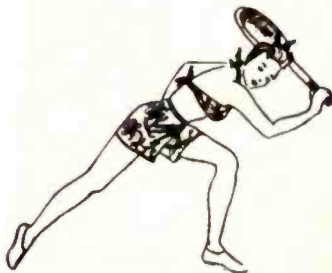
Tonganoxie State Lake. Largest Bass, Crappie and Bluegill fishing. Within one hour of Kansas City, West.

Bean Lake, Keene's Camp. Only 40 miles north of Kansas City on Highway 45. Rushville, Mo.

MUSIC

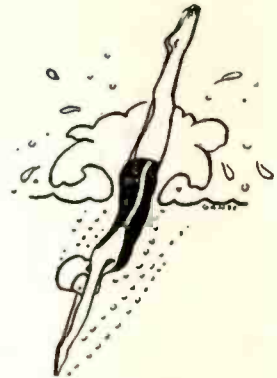
Kansas City Civic Orchestra, under direction of N. De Rubertis, each Sunday evening, 7:45 in Loose Park.

Band Concerts: Kansas City Municipal Band, under direction N. De Rubertis; Tuesday nights, Budd Park; Wednesday nights, Penn Valley Park; Thursday nights, Troost Park; Friday nights, Swope Park. (Special concert at Swope Park evening of July 4).



ART

Kansas City Art Institute
 Summer art show, including best works of the year on display during July.
 William Rockhill Nelson, Gallery of Art
 Summer classes for children, 7-16, through July 27. Classes held Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings.
 Nelson Art Collection paintings by Burnett Shryock.
 Ceramics Room: 18th and 19th Century English pottery from the Burnap Collection.
 Print Rooms: Old Masters Prints from the Permanent Collection.



GOLF

Public Courses
 Armour Fields, 69th & Ward Parkway.
 Belle-Air, 93rd & Nall, Johnson County.
 Old Mission, 48th & Washita, Johnson County.
 St. Andrews, 8501 State Line, Johnson County.
 Stayton Meadows, Blue Ridge, Highway 40.
 Swope Park Golf Club, Swope Park.
 Swope Park No. 2, Swope Park.
 Victory Hills, 4 miles W. on 40, Wyandotte County.

SWIMMING

(Public Swimming pools with diving boards—open daily)
 Swope Park pool, in Swope Park (adm.)
 Penn Valley, 26 and Summit (free).
 Grove, Grove Park, 15 and Benton (free).
 Paseo Community Center, 17th and Paseo. (Colored).
 (Pools with no diving boards, all free).
 Budd Park, Hardesty near St. John.
 Heim Park, East Bottoms, Nicholson near Monroe.
 Columbus, 5th and Charlotte.
 Swope Park, near Shetler No. 2. (Wading pools, for children 3-10).
 Mulkey, 13th and Summit.
 West Terrace, 17th and Jarboe.
 Roanoke, 37th and Roanoke Road.
 Loose Park, 55th and Wornall.
 Sheffield Park, 12th and Ewing.
 Garrison Square, 5th and Troost.

DANCING

Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main
 July 1, Tom and Kate Beckham; 3, Sunny Dunham; 4, Lee Williams; 5, Tom and Kate Beckham; 6, Johnny Long; 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, Lee Williams; 16, Joe Cappel; 17, Sammy Kaye; 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, Joe Cappel.

BASEBALL

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
 July 6, 7, 8, Milwaukee.
 9, 10, Indianapolis.
 11, 12, Louisville.
 13, 14, Columbus.
 15, 16, Toledo.
 28, 29, 30, Toledo.

JULY 4TH

Bob Hope, Skinnay Ennis, and company at Kansas City Municipal Auditorium.
 Air Show, Fairfax Municipal Airport, sponsored by Kansas City Civil Air Patrol. Je planes, etc.

CONVENTIONS

July 15-17 Central States Sales men. Phillips and Muehlebach
 July 21-26 Kansas City Gas Show. Phillips and Muehlebach

MINNESOTA *Vacation*

Where to go, how to go and what to do in that scenic wonderland, Minnesota!

by D. W. HODGINS



YOU may be unfamiliar with the operation of a Pfluger fishing reel as you are with the controls of a jet-propelled, P-80 Shooting Star. Your past fishing experiences may have been as dismal a failure as the recent meeting of foreign ministers. In fact, you may not even know on which end to bait the boat.

But, there are places in this beautiful country of worn-out automobiles and no shirts where you can climb into a boat as an angling amateur, make 20 casts, and haul in from 15 to 17 fighting, flapping walleyes or northern pike.

And now, it becomes imperative that more and more people learn where these places are, and learn from first hand experience how easily they can be reached.

Far north, at the headwaters of the Mississippi River, some 240 miles north of the Twin Cities, is the land of 10,000 lakes. It covers an area of many thousand square miles, dotted with lakes bordered by cabins, cottages and resorts, and all spiced by the delicious and healthful pine-scented air.

What happens to your appetite once you get up there, shouldn't hap-

pen to your good cook at home. There is no limit to the amount of fresh fish, crisp garden vegetables, and sweet cream butter you can stow away. With an average summer temperature of 69, the days are warm and delicious; the nights cool and restful — all combining for health, rest and relaxation.

Bemidji, Minnesota, is the center of a great scenic wonderland. Here is the home of the Chippewa Indians, immortalized by the poems of Longfellow. Here is the mythical headquarters of Paul Bunyan, legendary superman woodsman, hero and patron saint among the loggers of the early Northwest . . . the mightiest man who ever lived. Here is where the people of Bemidji erected a 20-foot high solid concrete statue of Paul and his Blue Ox, Babe. Here is an ideal vacationland, easily accessible by rail, highway and a combination of the nation's airlines.

There are upwards of 300 lakes within a half-hour drive from Bemidji, jewels of crystal, set in geat verdant forests of pine, spruce and elm,

highlighted by radiant sprinkles of graceful birch.

There are 40 lodges and resorts in the immediate vicinity of Bemidji, but it is just possible that your stop may be at Ruttger's Birchmont Lodge. Then again you may be directed to Harry Roese's Shorecrest Lodge, both of which are located on the seven-mile long and four-mile wide Lake Bemidji.

Birchmont's rates are as low as \$38.50 weekly and from \$45.50 per week when two or more occupy a room. There is a half rate for children under ten. The entire plan includes lodging, food, linens, privileges on the nearby golf course, and boats. Fishing equipment may be rented for a small sum. Birchmont consists of a large resort hotel, with more than 100 rooms, and 27 cottages. In the cottages, however, you do your own cooking. At the hotel, food is served at regular mealtimes, and it's just too bad for habitual late comers. However, they have plenty of candy bars. Birchmont is located on the sun-swept north shore. The water is as clear as new plate glass, and with your own eyes you can see the haughty walleyes and northerns come and go in shimmering ripples.

On the west shore of the lake is Shorecrest resort, owned and operated by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rocsc. They have ten neat cottages, completely modern, clean and trim, and well-spaced among pines and birches of the 115-acre playground. There's the usual good fishing, dancing, playground and beach for children and cars for use of guests. Harry is a

terrific community worker and has done much to help develop that part of the country.

There are many other resorts close by: Beaver Pass, Lake Motel, Lake Plantagement, Lazy Day Lodge, Pike Point, Winebrenner's, Sandy Beach Camp, North Woods, Log Cabin Court, Port O'Wild, and dozens of others.

All of these places can be reached by plane or automobile. By highway, the roads are in good condition. By plane, a good choice is Moberg's Sea Plane Service, which operates charter to all of the resort country from a pier in downtown Bemidji.

Fish fries are somewhat of a community event, where everybody sits at long tables, and devours fresh pike fillets like mad. Fire Chief Pete Johnson of Bemidji, big in voice, stature and culinary ability, is a nationally known figure. At work over the caldron of smoking-hot fat, Pete wears an apron upon which is lettered, "Genius at Work." The fillets are eight to ten inches long, weigh half a pound or more each, are done to a delicious golden brown, and are flipped out like newspapers from a huge rotary press.

Bemidji is served by three railroads, Great Northern, Northern Pacific and the Soo Line, and is an easy drive from Minneapolis over State Highway 85. Good roads fan out to International Falls, Grand Forks, Duluth, Hibbing, Brainerd and all points of the Northwest vacation country. Bemidji has an airport big enough to land anything that flies. In fact, many resort towns in this area are laying number one stress on



development of air transportation facilities. Because of distances and general convenience, air travel is the most logical way to travel to and from the Minnesota vacation country.

Among the first to realize this importance was Les Schroeder, Commissioner of Aeronautics for the state of Minnesota. Schroeder, rotund, apple-cheeked and talkative only when he has something worthwhile to say, is a gristmill of plans and ideas. He has educated Minnesotans to the air age, and already it is paying off in vastly increased use of the state's resort facilities by air.

From Kansas City or St. Louis, the Bemidji country is six hours by air, 26 hours by train and a long, long day's drive by automobile. Complete information on where to go and how to get there may be had by writing to Mid-Continent Air Lines, Wal-tower Building, Kansas City, Mo.

Air travel is the easiest and most comfortable and by all odds not the

most expensive. Chances are that you will choose Mid-Continent out of Kansas City or St. Louis, or Northwest out of Chicago and the eastern cities.

With your big plane landing at Minneapolis, your next step is aboard a private charter plane or scheduled airliner. Very likely you will ride in a twin-motored Cessna aircraft piloted by Bob, Joe or Warren Schaper, who operate a charter air service to the lakes country. Or, you may have seats on the Bemidji Air Lines, a scheduled service between the Twin Cities and Bemidji, with new, seven passenger Nordyne Norsemen planes. The trip by plane from Minneapolis takes about an hour and a half.

Mid-Continent Air Lines are playing an important role in developing the Minnesota vacation country. Bob Moreland, Mid-Continent Public Relations director, believes that Minnesota has something that should be shared. It is not a question of increased ticket sales or high pressure promotion behind Mid-Continent's efforts, because the airline operates a heavy schedule without the vacation trade. It is a simple matter of economic and social benefits that can accrue to both north and south sections when they are brought closer together by a swift bond of air travel.

For the visitor to the Northland in summer, and South during the winter months, air travel vastly increases the length of the vacation, by cutting out the tiresome hours of travel in between.



*"Her waist is small—but you
can't get your arms around it!"*

BARNYARD *Rhapsody!*

*How "Chickery Chick" was born—
song craze of the Atomic Age.*

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

THAT'S the tune you heard over your radio lately. That's the tune you heard in the juke boxes. That was the biggest song-craze of this post-war atomic age!

"Chickery Chick" was first published last September, and its rapid rise to a place on the Hit Parade surprised no one who was at all familiar with America's taste for nonsense rhyme accompanied by a simple, catchy tune. It is only two years since "Mairzy Doats" stood the nation on its ear—and "Chickery Chick" almost equalled it in popularity. The song sold almost a million copies of sheet music, and well over a million phonograph records. Such luminaries as Sammy Kaye, Gene Krupa, George Olsen, and Evelyn Knight put the little ditty on wax; and Kay Kyser, Eddie Cantor, Frank Sinatra, and other radio stars had a field day with it on the air.

Sylvia Dee, who wrote the lyrics, and Sidney Lippman, who wrote the music, conceived the idea for the song



about five years ago when they first started writing together — but it was not until July of last year that "Chickery Chick" was finally submitted to a publisher. Sidney Lippman had so little confidence in the song that he was afraid that henceforth the

publisher might have him barred from his office. The songwriter, who had had a number of songs previously published, might have been more confident if he had stopped to consider that frequently so-called novelty songs have been outstanding successes — as witness "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "Hut Sut Song," "Mairzy Doats," "The Music Goes Round and Round," and "Three Little Fishes." The latter two also were discovered by Tin Pan Alley's Georgie Joy, who knows a good novelty tune when he hears it. Be that as it may, it was with some trepidation that Lippman left the tune at the publisher's office — and then completely forgot all about it until a month later when

Mr. Joy called him in to sign a contract.

"Chickery Chick" was the result of one of the strangest collaborations in Tin Pan Alley history. Sidney Lippman, a Minneapolis boy, had had considerable musical training. At the age of twenty, the symphony orchestra at the University of Minnesota, which he attended, played his composition, "A Burlesque Waltz." It is ironical that at this stage he could not stand the sound of jazz. Following graduation, he won a fellowship at the Juilliard School, and studied composition under the noted teacher, Bruno Wagenaar. It was not until after Lippman had secured a position as a staff arranger with a music publisher in New York, however, that a mounting interest in popular music led to the desire to compose in this medium.

At about this time, Sylvia Dee, a native New Yorker, was working as advertising copywriter in Minneapolis, and doing prodigious writing

in her spare time. Popular songwriting, however, was probably very far from her thoughts. Her poetic efforts were directed toward more serious channels, and her writing had appeared in numerous literary magazines and newspapers. No doubt, she came by her talent naturally, for her grandmother had been an amateur songwriter, and her mother was a member of ASCAP (The American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers), with approximately 250 published semi-classical songs to her credit. Possibly, Sylvia at that time thought she might go her mother one better and become the present day Edna St. Vincent Millay. Chances are, however, that she did not think about it at all, for with such a heavy work schedule there could not have been much time for introspection.

Sidney Lippman then in New York mind you had never heard of the talented Miss Dee until one day he happened upon one of her verses in a column in the hometown newspaper which he read from time to time. He was so much impressed with her ability that he wrote to her, in care of the newspaper, offering to collaborate in the songwriting field.

Mr. Lippman may have had visions of Miss Dee as an ugly-duckling, spinsterish type. If he did, he was very much mistaken, for Miss Dee was an attractive young woman whose little daughter often provided inspiration for her less serious efforts. It is quite possible, also, that Miss Dee had visions of Mr. Lippman as the typical Tin Pan Alleyite immortalized by Ring Lardner — the flashily-dressed, semi-illiterate who facilely



rhymed June with moon. If so, she was very much mistaken, too, for Lippman was a pleasant-looking, rather serious young man whose musical knowledge had an impressively wide range.

It was quite some time, however, before the collaborators actually were to meet in person. For the time being, their work was carried on entirely via the mails. Since Sylvia Dee at the present time lives in Rochester, New York, where she is an advertising copywriter for a large department store, most of their work together still is carried on by remote control, so to speak. Except for the gentlemen who write the Ellery Queen stories—and Gilbert and Sullivan, of course—this is probably the only successful collaboration on record which has been carried on in such a manner.

Every week Miss Dee sends Mr. Lippman three or four lyrics in the mails, and he responds with music he has written. Aside from their great success, "Chickery Chick," the plan seems to have worked moderately well. A number of their other songs have been published, and the late Glenn Miller thought well enough of

one of them, "I'm Thrilled," to do a record of it. Strange are the ways of authorship!

No one knows what interpretation our psychologists may place upon such phenomena as "Chickery Chick"—least of all Sidney Lippman, whose brother happens to be a well-known neuropsychiatrist who studied in Vienna with the great master himself, Sigmund Freud. Perhaps, the opinion of Mr. Lippman's scientific brother would be as unintelligible (to the layman) as the lyric of "Chickery Chick" itself!

Whatever the clinical analysis might be, it did not stop the millions from enjoying "Chickery Chick." No one knows how it might have sounded if Jascha Heifitz had duplicated his performance of "Mairzy Doats" with an inimitable interpretation of "Chickery Chick," but it can be taken for granted that the radio audience would have awaited it with bated breath. And if Lauritz Melchior, of the Met, had sung it on, let's say, a Fred Allen program—well, as one James Durante might have put it, it would've been a bananika. This, we take it, would mean "the tops!"



A lady asked a guide in Yellowstone Park: "Do those hot springs ever freeze over?" and had for a reply: "Oh, yes. Once last winter a lady broke through the ice and burned her foot."



THE DOMESTIC ANIMAL

The young husband just had arrived back from the office.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked. "You look very flustered." "Oh, I've had a dreadful day," his wife answered. "First, baby cut his first tooth, then he took his first step and then he fell and knocked out his tooth."

"Well, and then what happened?"

"Oh, darling," she answered in a shocked voice, "he said his first word."



A young woman who had parked her car in forbidden territory, returned about two hours later to spy from afar a large and patient policeman curled up in the front seat, asleep.

She stepped into a taxi, rode home and telephoned the police that her car had been stolen. An hour later the car was driven up to her door by the same traffic officer who had awaited her, now quite proud of his alertness.



A farmer's wife had lost all semblance of sanity and it was necessary to remove her from her home by means of a strait-jacket and ambulance, and confine her to a nearby institution for the insane. Her husband, a day or so later, in trying to explain her sudden loss of sanity, said he just couldn't understand it. "Why, nobody ever bothered her. She hasn't been out of the kitchen in nearly twenty years."



The folly of most worrying is well illustrated by what happens when you notice a crack in your plaster . . . you feel the house is coming down . . . Ten years later you realize with a start that you haven't fixed it and that the house is still standing.

A gentleman of very high emotions had the misfortune of losing his third wife. He took the affliction very much to heart, and at the graveside of his beloved was so overcome he fainted. His friends gathered around him and were fearful for his life. Among them was a German who spoke English brokenly. He stooped down and felt the gentleman's pulse, and looking up, said: "He's all right; he'll rewife."



In a Winnipeg groceteria a woman shopper halted at the cashier's counter with a package of shortening atop her basket. The clerk stared for a moment, then said, "Madam, where did you get that? We had shortening yesterday but it was sold in a few minutes."

"I know," said the shopper triumphantly. "I was here yesterday too, but didn't have enough money. So I hid the shortening in the store until today."



When Charles M. Schwab was 72 years old he was sued for a large sum of money. In court he offered a formidable defense, and won. Before leaving the stand he asked for and received permission to say a few words.

"I am an old man," he said, "and I have had a long and eventful career. I want to say that a great deal of my troubles have come from trying to help other people. If you young people want to avoid trouble, be hardboiled and say 'no' to everybody. You will then walk through life unmolested, but, you will have to do without friends and you won't have much fun."



A cynic is a man, who when he smells flowers, looks around for a coffin.



by KAY LYMAN

IN spite of state laws, supposedly protective, sterilization among younger women is increasing at an alarming rate. That it results too often in tragedy and heartbreak seems to be no check on the thousands of young people who rush into the dead end of sterility without a thought of the consequences.

I went to the hospital to see Elaine after the arrival of her third baby. She looked very pretty, her dark hair braided into shining pigtails, a pink ribbon on each one, her brown eyes sparkling and merry.

"I'm having a grand time being fussed over," she said, "But still it's a bore, taking all this time out of my life. Thank goodness I won't ever have to go through it again. Before I go home I'm to be sterilized. No, of course there weren't any complications, but Dick and I have all we can do to bring up three. My doctor agrees with me. In fact, he suggested it."

I was shocked, and afraid for Elaine. As lightly as that she was

STERILIZED

Heartbreak!

*Once the die is cast it is
over forever . . . And far more
often than you think . . .*

tossing away her God-given privilege of bestowing life. And I knew it would do no good to argue with her.

In some cases, where an extra child would endanger the mother's life, where there is threatened epilepsy or insanity, such a course might be justified. But Elaine was young, healthy, a good mother, and she and Dick were in comfortable circumstances.

That such a situation can occur as a mere matter of convenience, either financial or physical, is a damning charge against our present system.

The two immediate consequences of such a step are the psychological effect on both the woman and her husband, and the eventualities of the future.

For instance, there was Lucille, who, with the full consent of her husband and doctor, submitted to sterilization because she already had two children and a good job. A larger family would mean giving up the job, and she couldn't see it.

Exactly a year later Lucille's husband had the two children with him in the family car, there was an accident, and both children were killed.

Bill lived, and Lucille still had the job, but their life together was over. There was a divorce, presently, and Bill married a girl who could have children to take the place of those he had lost. For Lucille, bitter and grief-stricken, there will be no more children. All she has left is the job.

Bereavement of a child is somehow made more bearable if the mother and father know there may sometime be another little one to fill the empty chair at the table.

Psychologically, the impact of sterilization on a woman is terrific. Complete freedom from the consequences of infidelity puts her on an equal physical footing with the debonair and nonchalant male, whose attitude toward passing romance is too-well known to need comment. Men have always had this freedom, and it is unquestioned. Whether it is good or bad thing for a woman is controversial, but certainly it can have bad repercussions on family, home-life, and reputation.

Good or bad, however, a woman's attitude does change after sterilization, she becomes subtly independent, critical, restless when the function of life-giver is removed.

Subtle, too, is the change a man experiences toward the woman he loves when he knows she can no longer bear his children. Like it or not, that's how it is, and hundreds of case-histories prove it. These things are too basic, too fundamental, to tamper with. Primarily, the function of a man and woman is to produce offspring. It always has been and it always will be. Remove the capability



to do so and you remove the cornerstone of love, reverence, and tenderness. Too often sterilization for the sake of convenience is followed by infidelity on both sides with resulting separation.

Psychologically, two-thirds of a woman's love is her submerged desire for a child. Remove this drive and there isn't much left. She may experience passion, liking, and friendship, not one of which takes the place of old Mother Nature's biological urge. The meaning of love is gone.

Linda, who had been married at thirty, was a widow at thirty-eight. Linda was brilliant, beautiful, meteor-like with her swift charm, and she was also a concert singer. Her tragedy was an ambitious mother, who dominated her. Before Linda's first marriage the mother somehow persuaded her to be sterilized so her dazzling career wouldn't be interrupted by child-bearing.

I grant you Linda should have had more backbone, but the point is, she didn't have. She was unhappy during the first marriage, and after Richard's death she fell in love with a man ten years younger than herself. He was blindly in love with

her. Linda told me about it with tears in her eyes.

"I want to marry him, but I must give him up. More than anything else in life he wants children. For the first time now, I'm ready to settle down. I, too, want a home, and children. And, by my own act, I can't have them. Never, so long as I live shall I have a child of my own, and it's my fault."

These cases could be multiplied by thousands, so only one conclusion seems possible. Before a woman decides on a step as final as sterilization she should take a long look ahead toward the future, because once the die is cast it is forever. And oftener than you'd think, that last baby, the one who seemed just too much at the time, grows up to be the greatest comfort, the warmest, sweetest thing that happens in your life.



DEFINITIONS

Legend: A lie that has attained the dignity of age.



Civil Service: A commodity formerly obtainable in restaurants.



Discipline: Before you flare up at anyone's faults, take time to count 10—10 of your own.



Marriage: Two can live more cheaply than one wants to.



Wolf: A person who knows all the ankles.



Imagination: Something that sits up with a wife who sits up waiting for her husband.

Hick town: One which, if you see a girl dining with a man old enough to be her father—he is.



Hat: Something the average man covers his head with, the beggar passes around, the statesman throws into the ring and the politician talks through.



Japan: A country whose recent history began with Port Arthur and ended with MacArthur.



Diplomacy: Lying in state.



Liar: A man who has no partition between his imagination and his facts.



R. S. V. P.

"Is everything shut up for the night?" asked wifey.
"Everything but you dear." was hubby's reply.

▼

"There's just one thing I want to tell you before you go any further" said the girl to her eager suiter. "What's that?" he asked.
"Don't go any further."

▼

"I'll call you when I get back from this cruise. What's your phone number," asked Wolf of a cutie. To which Cutie answered "222, and if a man's voice answers—it's me with laryngitis again."

▼

It was pouring. Two men who had quarreled, went out in the rain to settle their differences. They fought until one got the other on his back and held him there.

"Will you give up?" he asked and the reply was "NO."

After a time the question was repeated but again the reply was "No." "Then," said the other, "Will you get on top for a while and let me get under? I'm getting soaked."



R. F. D.

I once hired an Iowa farm boy to sell stock feed. He was an earnest young fellow, very persistent and consistent in making his calls, but the tangible returns were negligible. Finally, one day I said, "Son, I'm afraid you are in the wrong spot. You just can't sell."

The lad looked at me in earnest perplexity. "Mr. Al," he said, "I'm selling . . . I'm selling all the time. The trouble is that folks just ain't buyin'."

▼

An Indian named Joe wowed a small Canadian community with his uneanny way of predieting changes in the weather. On a sunny day, along would slink Joe and say: "Bimeby rain come."

One day it was particularly miserable—rain, wind, cold. "Joe," inquired a hunter, "when will all this blow away?" Bimeby nice day?" The red man shrugged. "Dunno," he replied, "Radio he broke."

▼

In Waller, Texas, is a retail store where eustomers wait on themselves and set their own prices. There are no prices on the merchandise—merely a tag on every item showing what that partieuclar article cost the store. The eustomer selects an article, wraps it himself, and pays whatever he thinks the owner's profit should be. The store has been operating at a profit for twenty-three years.

TRY *Tipping*

If you consider tipping a racket, better stay home and play with the baby.

by JOHN WARINGTON



TRY tipping to save your dogs, stomach, sobriety, temper, time and peace of mind. Try tipping to prevent visits to the doctor, librarian, ticket-scalpers, jail.

You want to "see the town." You want to see a city where the bright lights do not end with the corner drug store. You may even want to tread where "angels fear to tread." Then pick yourself a taxi-driver who can give you the lowdown on the "hot spots." If in doubt, have him wait for you. A taxi-driver is reliable; he has to be with his picture right up there next to the spotlight. But do not spoil your trip by the lifted eyebrow of your under-tipped taxi-driver.

So you want what you want when you want it. Sgt. Tazewell on leave in Germany wanted something special for his wife. Armed with four cartons of cigarettes under his arm, the sergeant set out. His prize—a 100 piece set of Dresden china—secured at half the price he would have paid in this country. The cigarettes brought the china to light even though it was buried in a dark underground cavern.

Jack Tuttle, studying for his doctor's degree in one of our large

universities, needed for his thesis first-hand information on the sacred rites of one of our Southwest Indian tribes. For spying, this tribe of Indians had murdered in cold blood more than a score of persons. But Jack Tuttle secured the information. How? He secured the services of a man wise in Indian lore. Before sun-up he took him to a spot overlooking the valley where the sacred ceremony was to be performed. After removing a rock, he fitted Jack Tuttle into the space. "Retain that position," he said, "until I return for you."

Tipping properly results in coordinated services and specialized skills. Thus if you consider tipping a racket or custom imposed by the Smith Brothers, stay at home, play with the baby, play bridge, work in the garden, paint the house, listen to the radio—do anything. Only—don't come to the city and, do be careful.

Tipping has become part of our American way of getting quick and efficient service and, granting its abuses, it is a gracious acknowledgment of service well performed. But be sure you know why you tip. Englishmen tip to insure promptness.

Frenchmen say to the employee serving him, "Pourboire," which means for drink. Germans say "drinkgeld," which means drink money. Spaniards say "propina," which means it is given for cigarettes. We Americans, in our easy manner, might say "Here buy yourself a farm."

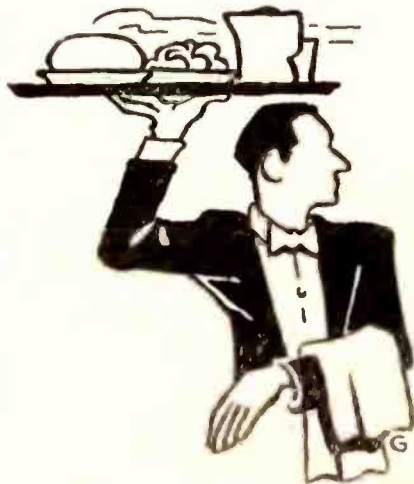
Back in feudal days, the tip had a certain nobility. A plumed knight, resplendent in glistening armor and astride a stallion, charged up to the gate of a walled castle.

Before the gate lay a beggar dozing in the shade. With eyes only half open, he jumps to his feet, struggles with the gate and presently flings it wide open.

For this service from the wretched beggar, the titled lord of lands and vassals tosses him a coin—a token flung from the great to the lowly.

The gesture is one of gallantry. It is in keeping with the tradition of knighthood, for it bespeaks the chivalry of the man of wealth toward the less fortunate.

Since then tipping has come a long



way. Today it usually means extra income for public servants—the salesmen of personality on a commission basis.

Tipping usually starts aboard the train. But you can keep your chin up if you toss the porter a quarter for a quick brush-off and flick of a tired rag across your shoes. You toss him another quarter a night for section passengers, a half-dollar for compartment or drawing-room passengers. And incidentally, if he talks you into changing your berth for more commodious accommodations, such as a single-occupancy section or room, the porter gets a commission.

Don't open a box of sandwiches and fruit in your chair car and then stroll to the dining-car and expect the boy to break a leg serving you a cup of coffee. Well . . . maybe you had better come in on the bus.

Tipping ten per cent of a check (food) is generally acceptable if you are dining alone or with a companion and the check is under \$5.00. But it doesn't make you a Jim Brady, or give you the right to boss the help around, or dismiss them. Ten per cent is just a mild, polite, bespectacled tip.

However, if the Skylight dining room is crowded with football enthusiasts and you demand a special salad with marchino cherries, or you demand gallons of coffee, or send your steaks back because they are too rare (Your waiter works like seven dogs to please you), you better tip him 20 per cent and smile.

Remember redcaps are allowed ten cents per piece of luggage by law. However, a quarter or 30 cents is a

wee bit more decent if the redcap carries two pieces up a long ramp and to the taxi. And should your bag contain heavy hunting equipment, books, or ball-bearing samples, it would be sporting to take that into consideration.

Bellboys are on the list of tippers. Here again you have the matter of baggage. What do you want? A dime assures a frown, fifteen cents a grunted "thank you," a quarter starts a slow smile. Bellboys have you on the spot. They can delay service, forget to bring the ice and make you wish you had brought the trailer. A repeat tip on each visit to your room is a "must" if you wish to keep your temper.

And that winsome hat-check girl at Squeeze-You Night Club. Hastily you slip her a quarter. That should help her buy an Easter bonnet for that bonny head. But what's that? She drops the quarter into a locked box. Why? You'll know if you're around when the concessionarie drives up in his limousine with the key that fits the locked box.

In a taxi, start figuring your tip as a dime. When the meter registers 85 cents you better dig out another nickel. After that you're on your own.

A few tipping don'ts might not be amiss. Leaders of name bands do not like to be tipped. Smaller bands expect an expression of thanks for playing request numbers. Do not try to buy the boys in the orchestra a round of drinks in lieu of a tip. Managers frown upon it, and moreover it looks showy.

The captain of waiters gives you a special table, interprets the menu, provides extra cuts of steaks specially prepared, a careful selection of wine. You should tip him a dollar for every two persons. On the whole, do not tip captains or head waiters unless they really give you service.

Nor do you have to tip doormen for the simple gesture of helping your guests into the cab. But if he has to step out into the blizzard or rain to hail a cab, you should tip him a quarter.

Meanwhile, and for all time, the idea is to make tips serve you.

SPEAKING OF SPEAKERS

One who appears before an audience without preparation should disappear without delay.

It is more expedient for a speaker to combat ideas than to antagonize phrases.

An audience that lends its ears to a bore is lucky to get even its principal back.



JUVENALIA

"How old are you, Bobby?" asked the visitor.

"I'm just at that awkward age," Bobby answered.

"Really," parried the visitor, "and what do you consider the awkward age?" To which Bobby gave forth with this:

"Well, I'm too old to cry and too young to swear."

Barbara Stanwyck tells this one on her young son Dion who has been impressed with the value of speaking the truth, even when it cramps the product of a vivid imagination. Not long ago she heard him telling a boy friend: "You know, it's really swell lying in bed in the morning and ringing for my valet."

The young friend was properly impressed. "Gosh!" he said in awed tones, "D'ya mean to say you have a valet?"

"Well, uh, no," confessed Dion. "but I have the bell," he added brightly.

One morning while shaving, a friend of mine was carrying on so angrily, tells Morton Downey, that it attracted the attention of his wife who was preparing breakfast in the kitchen. "What in the world's the matter?" the young woman asked. "My razor—it won't cut!" shouted the husband. "Don't be silly, dear," she replied, "You mean to tell me your beard is tougher than the linoleum?"

"Mommie," said 6-year old Judy, "while you were away last night I looked for somebody to say my prayers to, but Nursie had gone and Auntie was talking on the phone, so I just said 'em to God."

Helen refused a second helping of ice cream with a polite but wistful, "No, thank you."

"Do have some more, dear!" her hostess urged.

"Mother told me to say, no, thank you," Helen explained naively "but I don't think she could have known how small the first helping was going to be."

TICKETS, PLEASE

A prominent American traveling in Italy in behalf of his government stopped at a small inn for the night and instructed the native courier who accompanied him to enter his name in accordance with the local police regulations. Later in the evening he asked the servant if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"How did you write my name?" asked the American.

"Well, signor, I can't pronounce it," was the reply, "but I copied it from your portmanteau, sir."

The American could not remember having affixed his name to his luggage, but being very tired, decided not to press the matter further. The next morning he saw the light, when, upon coming downstairs, he was greeted by the desk clerk with "Good morning, Signor Warranted Solid Leather."

SEND A COW BY *Radio*

The indomitable Greeks have devised a most unique system for shipping animals by wireless to restock their devastated homeland.

THE ingenious Greeks of antiquity were said always to have had a word for it. Whatever "it" was. Modern Greeks not only have a word for it, but a way with them.

The word is "unique," and the way is their method of sending a cow, or other farm animal by international radio from the United States to the farming areas of Greece.

It's all part of the plan of the Greek War Relief Association to supply upwards of half a million farm animals, in batches of 10,000, to the devastated homeland in order to return the country to self sufficiency by the 1947 crop season.

Under today's transportation conditions, with animals none too plentiful, and feed even scarcer, the GWRA realized that shipping any animal to Greece, for an individual, would be no less than a Herculean task.

They simply had to simplify the process, lest their relief plan die in the throes of transportation woes. Their solution is to send a cow by telegram, or rather radiogram, much

by JOHN QUINN



as hubby wires flowers to wifey from a distant point at the very last minute on their anniversary.

Sounds like all a donor has to do is file a message, and presto, a Greek farmer has a cow for his dairy herd to be. What's more, it is just that easy. But naturally the cow

doesn't fly through the ether any more than do flowers. The plan took a bit of preliminary doing, and the Greeks have done it.

GWRA is a volunteer organization for co-operating with the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which actually handles relief supplies. GWRA makes its task that of easing the way for UNRRA's ARD (Agricultural Rehabilitation Division).

The first step was to devise a means of helping the destitute Greeks in such a way as to restore their confidence and productiveness, with a self-sufficient nation as the objective, not just temporary help.

With an eye to the future the "Give an Animal" campaign was devised. The GWRA rounded up a

shipment of 1,200 animals, purely on the credit of its officers. These were assembled and necessary clearances obtained from the Department of Agriculture, State Department, relief officials and others. Proper inoculations, vaccinations and other precautions were administered to the animals. Before the campaign was even announced these animals were shipped from Norfolk, Va., to Greece in UNRRA's care.

As soon as the first shipment had left, GWRA began work of arranging for a second load of 1,200 animals. Thus there is always one shipment docked in Greece and another in preparation for shipping.

A donor merely makes his contribution to GWRA in the United States and some Greek farmer gets an animal. As soon as GWRA gets the money at its office, 221 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York, a radiogram is sent to UNRRA in Greece to deliver an animal of the type paid for here. The delivery will

be made to a particular individual if the donor so specifies, but if none is so indicated UNRRA will select a worthy Greek and give him the animal.

The cost of an animal to a donor is vastly reduced, estimated about one-third of normal charges on the local market. A Brown Swiss heifer, for instance is priced at \$180, a Brown Swiss bull at \$215, a mare at \$98 and a bargain, a stallion at \$600.

Nor did the Greeks overlook a detail which might have spelled failure for the plan. While feed is scarce here, it is even more so in Greece, and GWRA supplies three months of feed along with each animal—included in the gift price.

The Greek farmer is likely to find himself with an extra dividend on his hands, too, for the efficient GWRA has seen to it that each female animal was bred before shipment from the United States. A shipment of 1,200 animals may well result in a contribution of nearer 2,000

CATTLE FOR GREECE

Type	Price
Brown Swiss heifers (bred).....	\$180
Brown Swiss heifers (pedigreed).....	215
Brown Swiss bulls.....	215
Brown Swiss bulls (registered and record of production).....	315
Holstein heifers (bred).....	157
Holstein heifers (pedigreed).....	197
Holstein bulls.....	197
Holstein bulls (pedigreed and with record of production).....	315
(In the event that Guernseys or Jerseys are desired, the prices will be approximately the same as those listed for Holsteins.)	
Mares.....	\$ 98
Stallions.....	600
Mules.....	125

(With respect to horses and mules, every effort will be made to secure animals between the ages of three and five years. However, in the event the available supply within this age range is insufficient, the age range will be increased to eight years. No animals over eight years of age will be procured.)

animals to the Greeks within the year.

To acquaint the public with the full details of sending a cow by radio and the other relief activities of GWRA, George Xanthaky, executive vice-president, and George P. Skouras, national vice-president, appeared at mass meetings in forty different cities, including Kansas City, of the United States during April and May.

Although GWRA has pledged its immediate help in raising 10,000 animals in this manner, it probably will go right on with new commitments. The national schedule of mass meetings will be repeated and other meetings encouraged throughout the country.

GWRA's child feeding program provides a good warm meal daily for each of 600,000 children, and GWRA would like to raise this to

1,000,000 for the Greek youngsters who are two to four years behind in their natural growth. The Association also hopes to care for 25,000 orphans not now cared for by present limited facilities.

GWRA has also arranged a food package program. The cost of a 35-lb. package of food delivered to any part of Greece is kept down to \$12.75 by their efficiency.

In addition GWRA has programs for an extensive medical service, permanent health centers on twenty sites, mass radiological examinations, an anti-malarial campaign in Crete, reestablishing the YMCA's in Athens, Salonika and Corfu, and rehabilitation for disabled war veterans.

The fight has just begun as far as the Greek War Relief Association is concerned.



LIE AWAKE NIGHTS

A soldier from Kansas City married a girl from a little town in France. He warned her that every Saturday night the Indians get drunk, sweep into the city and tomahawk and scalp the settlers. But he also explained that the Redskins are not very smart and are easily hoodwinked. All one has to do is duck when the tomahawk swings and hand the Indian a wig. He'll think it contains scalp and everything and trot along. The story came to light when custom officials found half a dozen blonde swatches in the young lady's luggage.



Two farmers, jealous of each other's early rising, became boastful. One allowed as how he got up before 3 a.m. His rival, hoping to catch him in a fib, rose at 2 the next morning and went to call on his bragging neighbor.

When the latter's wife answered the door and was asked where her husband was she replied; "Dunno—but he was around early this morning."

BOURBON IN BONDAGE

THE Ray Millands of lost weekends and those discriminating drinkers who request "make mine bonded" are in for tough going. Not only is the immediate future grim in production, but the next several years will find America's liquor shelves short-stocked on bonded whiskies.

From the annual report of the Distilled Spirits Institute, the liquor situation, sad as it is, is still throttled by war-created problems. Even though WPB control of the facilities of the beverage distilling industry has ended, there is still the general confinement of restrictions, limitations and controls inaugurated during the war.

The amount and kind of grain that may be used is allocated by the Department of Agriculture. Types of bottles which glass manufacturers can ready for beverage purposes are limited by CPA. Products of the industry are, of course, controlled by OPA. And as was noted in 1945,

the trend to production of blends affected the already critical shortage of aged whiskies, matured straight whiskies. Taxpaid withdrawals in 1945 increased to 156,000,000 tax gallons, as in contrast to 116,000,000 in 1944, and 175,000,000 gallons withdrawn in 1941.

Although not generally known, the distillers are being conscientious in their support of the food conservation drive. Low grade corn being used in making alcohol is not wasted. It is being converted into highly nutritious poultry and cattle feed that is becoming increasingly vital at a time when high protein and vitamin food supplements are alarmingly scarce.

Take the word of the Distilled Spirits Institute, it will be several years before your favorite liquor store will be stocked with the assortment of bonded whiskies you remember before the war. About all you can do is face the situation with neutral spirits.

—Marion Odmark.



DID YOU KNOW?

Camel's hair brushes are made of squirrel's hair.

Lead pencils are made of graphite—not lead.

Cork legs are not made of cork, but derive their name from Dr. Cork, who invented them.

Kid gloves are made of lamb skin.

Table salt is not salt, but is composed of chloride of sodium.

Hudson Bay is an inland sea, not a bay.

A prairie dog is a rodent, not a dog.

A whale is a mammal, not a fish.

The lady-bird is a beetle, not a bird.

A blind worm is a lizard and has two eyes.

BLOOD AND *Thunder!*

Good for the kids? Or would you foist Shakespeare down their little necks?

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

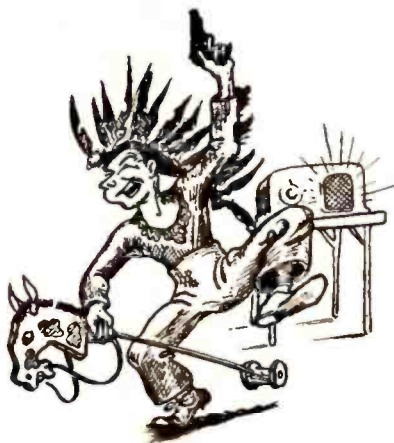
ALMOST every parent in America, probably, has now and then cried out in utter exasperation:

"I wish there were no such thing as radio! Radio is playing mischief with my children's orderly habits."

A typical scene in any American home is Junior, a sensitive little boy, sitting with ears glued to the radio when the gang-busting, Wild West and G-men playlets are blaring forth. Or Sister, sitting goggle-eyed before the radio when the simpering, soft and mushy "romances" are on the air.

"If she's to get her ideas of life and love and courtship from that silly stuff, then heaven help her future husband!" many a mother has, in substance, exclaimed.

But the problem of radio in the home doesn't end here. Not at all. It generally happens that the programs Sister wants to listen to, are broadcast at the same time as the programs Brother wants. So there is daily argument, perhaps even a daily quarrel, as to which station shall be dialed. And very often poor Mother and Father do not hear their favorite programs for weeks on end. They



haven't the energy to cope with the driving demands of the younger generation.

So it happens in homes everywhere that parents ask the same questions with the same fervor:

"Why do my children reject all the seemingly worth while radio programs and insist on the shocking and the violent?"

"What makes a radio program good or bad for children?"

"What essentials do children look for in a radio program?"

"What effect do these programs of poor taste and too much melodrama have on our children? Is this effect temporary, or will it follow them through life?"

"How can parents provide a better radio fare that will also interest their youngsters? And what can they substitute today as rival attractions to disturbing radio?"

These are some of the questions which the Child Study Association

of America has recently considered. These questions, and many more, were turned over to one of their workers, Staff Member Josette Frank, who was told to study all sides of the question—the parents', the childrens', the radio producers'—and try to come to fair and tolerant findings.

Her report is interesting and to a certain extent enlightening.

First of all Miss Frank stressed, "Radio is here to stay. Radio is as much a permanent force in our lives as the movies or automobiles. All these are something for parents to worry about, as they influence growing children."

Another point which her studies confirmed, "Children listen to so-called 'objectionable' radio programs from the most wholesome and reasonable of motives—From the very same motives parents see plays that may not be instructive, but surely are interesting."

As to motives, Miss Frank made this comment:

"Children want excitement in their radio plays. Drama is another word for excitement. They find in radio plays a sort of sociability, a 'clubbable' quality, which appeals to a child's need for friendship, 'belonging,'

"Radio, again, violates all the stupid, set rules of prosy life in the most delightful way. For instance, the hero who is left bound hand and foot, at the end of the playlet steps to the mike after the last bit of dialogue to say:

"Children, this is a pretty tight corner we're stuck in tonight. Well, listen tomorrow to see whether Bad

Man Benjamin tosses us over the cliff or whether, in some way not yet apparent, we get free."

And finally, Miss Frank explains, "Children want their radio for the same reason their elders read detective stories, go to the movies or see



plays. They want escape -- escape from a grown-up world where there are so many rules and so much necessary routine."

Miss Frank turned up something else in her search for radio knowledge: Radio plays that parents approve and list as good, in almost every instance the children disliked and passed by. In fact, there was one earnest mother who decided to do something about radio playlets. She helped get up a program. Then she turned on the radio. The sketch that came over the air waves was pleasant, suitable and eminently harmless. The lady's little girl listened quietly to the end. Then, with a mingling of pity and rebuke in her voice, she said:

"I suppose that is a program your committee will recommend, mother.

But you won't get anybody to listen!"

"And," comments Miss Frank, "the child's words were prophetic. The sketch was short-lived. We will have to do better if we hope to influence our children's listening."

Consider now the rip-roaring, gang-busting radio dramas of shooting, blood and thunder. Children seek these because of a need for drama, inherent in most of us, young or old. What special harm do these plays do their listeners?

Miss Frank is of the opinion that they do little if any harm. Certainly they provide an outlet for which the child needs expression. There are certain children, however, according to Miss Frank's survey, who are not benefited by the over-exciting play. She has heard of little boys who don't want to go to bed, or who find they cannot sleep peacefully after so much excitement. But she does not believe the play itself is entirely responsible. Rather, the play accentuates in the child "some tension, some insecurity, some timidity, that is already there. The care for that child is not so much denial of the radio as determining what it is that makes him frightened or timid, and correcting that."

So far the efforts of parents to provide a better radio fare for children have not been very successful. Perhaps they have not always been entirely intelligent. Back in the earlier days of radio, parents said, "I won't have a radio in my house;" or else they told their youngsters, "You can listen when they give Shakespeare for children," or some-

thing of that sort. "But you can only listen at 5:30 to something I approve."

All these attempts to regulate radio fare are absurd. The child meets the radio on the street, at the drug store and in the homes of parents more broad-minded and tolerant. To try and regulate radio from what Miss Frank calls "the consuming end," is impossible. But there is the producing end. Miss Frank tells how parents have tried to get producers to put on plays which they, the parents, consider more suitable. Mothers belonging to clubs have asked the members to "deluge" radio stations with requests for programs more in keeping with what they think should go on the air. Or they went in groups, or as a committee, to try and change things.

"The result in many cases," Miss Frank reports, "was to induce the producers to take the children's programs off altogether, and to substitute plays for adults which, if the children listened, as they often did, were not nearly as fitting for young ears as those they had replaced."

To sum up the situation, in this long range project of helping to develop a radio fare more according to what parents believe are the standards of good taste, good manners and proper instruction, parents will have to change their approach and revise their ideas of tolerance. To do this they will, in a sense, have to become children again—or at least get the children's viewpoint.

The whole matter of better radio plays for children is an affair of slow, patient progression, of keeping

eternally and tactfully after a goal—of agreeing that it is only natural for us all to seek excitement, drama, even the beautifully impossible in some of

our entertainment. Then — if there must be a change—to give children the excitement they crave in a perhaps more artistic form.



SICK ROOM SUPPLIES

"I got off a street car this morning," said a doctor, "and being in no hurry, I began moralizing on the actions and probable characters of three men who had alighted just ahead of me. The first one was even then halfway down the block . . . There, thought I, goes a hustler—a man who's bound to succeed in life. The second man was walking rather slowly and impressed me as one who would do fairly well, perhaps. But the last fellow was just dawdling along in the most shiftless sort of way. I very quickly set him down as a loafer. Just then a thought came to me. All three men were ahead of ME."



"I've been trying to see you all week," said the patient over the phone. "When may I have an appointment?" "You must make a date with my secretary, answered the dentist.

"I did; we had a swell evening; but I've still got to see you."



A woman lay very ill. Having brought up a clever orphan girl the sick woman called the orphan to her and said: "I shall soon leave my little children motherless. They know you and love you and after I am gone I want you and my husband to marry."

The young woman, bursting into tears said, "We were just talking about that."

The wife recovered.



On a train, noticing a man with a dreadful cold, Mr. Smith leaned across the aisle and spoke to him. "You have a cold, haven't you?" The man nodded. "Are you doing anything about it?" The man blew his nose resoundingly and shook his head. Mr. Smith then proceeded to give him some good advice. "Best thing in the world for a cold is water. Drink just as much of it as you can stand. Gargle with salt in the morning, get a good hot rum toddy at night and you'll be well in no time . . ."

Near the end of the trip, Mr. Smith approached his patient and said. "By the way, I think it's time we introduced ourselves, I'm Mr. Smith." The man shook hands. "I'm Dr. William Mayo."



IMPRESARIO OF THE *Impossible*

*Kansas City merchant has
33,000 items stashed away
in his amazing enterprise.*

by CHARLES H. HOGAN

ARE you in need of a fluting iron? Does your domestic life suffer from lack of a log-chain tightener? Does your social circle yearn to quit piddling around with gin rummy, or the insults that go with contract bridge, and settle down to a slam-bang game around a second-hand carom board? Well, good people, your picayune problems are solved.

Ernest Hawkins of Kansas City, impresario of the abso-damn-lutely impossible, can supply you with such fantastic items which are tucked away in a terrifying jumble of practically everything under the sun. Mr. Hawkins operates a store at Independence Avenue and Cleveland in Kansas City, Mo., which to the layman's eye has neither rhyme nor reason.

He manipulates a stupendous hodge-podge of merchandise without a staff, and his cash register buried away in the plunder which packs the place, is merely an antique oddity on which the markers are fixed permanently at \$0.00. The charge for such transactions as selling a customer

a dime's worth of putty is tossed into Hawkins' sagging shirt pocket; folding money for larger sales is wadded nonchalantly into the pocket of the baggy pants which this dynamic, 53-year-old merchant effects as he gallops tirelessly about his emporium selling his wares.

To say this ruddy-cheeked individual gallops tirelessly is putting the matter mildly. Because the old red brick building which houses this thriving enterprise is literally piled from floor to lofty ceiling with a welter of assorted merchandise, the steady flow of customers is constrained to a narrow "clearing" near the front door. The patrons tell Hawkins what they want to buy and he goes charging off down the single narrow excuse for an aisle to lay his unerring hand on a couple of specialized light sockets or a thousand feet of sewer pipe or what have you.

Hawkins figures he has at least 33,000 items stashed away in the dingy vastness of the place or dangling from the high ceilings. He can

lay his hand on every one of them almost instantly and snap out the price from a memory that seems at times to be the product of witchcraft. There is none of the shuffling, fuss-budget consultation of catalogs and pursing of parsimonious lips ordinarily found among traders in the Hawkins technic of building a modest fortune out of selling the unattainable.

"I want two bolts, three inches by $\frac{3}{8}$ with hexagon heads," a customer informed Hawkins. To other patiently waiting patrons the would-be customer added, "Bet he don't find them!"

"Okay, I'll have 'em for you in justa second," Hawkins whooped cheerfully, and went slamming down the meager aisle like a fullback making an off-tackle plunge. He charged back with the bolts, pocketed the customers change and at the same time turned to another client and asked: "Okay, now what'll you have?"

This party, it seemed wanted to purchase a head for a pick.

"Sure, okay," Hawkins whooped and was again on his way. But he stopped and suggested "You better come back and pick one out yourself. There's a lot of difference in these picks and I might fetch up one you wouldn't like."

The customer cautiously wandered down the aisle between the towering heaps of merchandise and another customer rummaged around for a sack and proceeded to weigh himself out two pounds of nails. Soon Hawkins came pounding back to the front of the store to convince a scowling,

suspicious lady that he wasn't gyping her by selling her 30 inches of door stripping at the price of the 29 inches which she had demanded.

I gather as I dawdled around this crazy-quilt store that many of the veteran buyers nourish such vague suspicions of the merchant. "Ernie stabs you plenty fer this junk anyway," one overalled individual groused. "But what the hell, he's always got it!"

But while I'm not an authority on the asking price for second-hand tent poles or a fair charge to make for a Little Dandy Calf Weaner, it seemed to me that the prices he asked for everything from linoleum to lawn hose were extremely reasonable.

Frankly, after watching the cheerful friendliness of this "Ernie" at work, one becomes certain that such churlish complaints about the Hawkins dipsy-doodle selling system are without foundation. He strikes me as being too much the extrovert to



fritter away his time in parsimonious haggling with parsimonious customers. Besides, as the one-man staff of a of still-life bedlam, Hawkins is too busy to be bothered with such debates.

He blithely galloped down the teeming aisles of his shop to dig up several cans of paint for an oleaginous individual who carefully and slyly murmured that the paint was to be used to grace the walls of a Sunday School.

"Ah, how much will that be?" the Sunday School man asked hesitantly.

"That's okay — go ahead — forget it," Hawkins shouted. He slapped his hands together and exclaimed: "Okay, that takes care of the Sunday School. Now then, who's next?"

And it is particularly pleasing, in these dark days of surly insults, and of haughty yawning disdain of the wistful, humble customer, to watch Hawkins gladly and eagerly dip into his vast stock and come up with some article which the weary customer had despaired of ever buying this side of Paradise. Certainly, nobody has to pull any wires or toss in a gratuity on the side to do business with the man.

Hawkins boasts that he has been in business here for 20 years. "Started with a store in Altamont, Kas., and never worked for anybody a day in my life," he added. He has a simple philosophy for the more than modest success he has made out of the business.

"I stock stuff nobody else ever carries in their store," he asserted. "Look here—see this thing here."

He pointed to a wood-handled

doohinkus that looked like a whiffle tree with a pair of gigantic ice tongs affixed in the middle.

"Know what that is?" he demanded. "That there's a log carrier. It works just like an ice hook and they can pick up a log by this handle with it. I sell 'em right along because nobody ever bothers to carry 'em."

For the same reason he enjoys a steady business in such diverse items as chimneys for the coal oil lamps of our grandfathers and more or less "moderne" end tables.

If some woman with a passion for surrounding herself with the Victorian horrors which in this maddening world currently pass for antiques should flutter into the gloomy store Hawkins could quickly provide her with a set of china wheel casters for her decorative monstrosity.

"They haven't made those wheels for 50 years or more but I got plenty of 'em," Hawkins remarked.

He also has what seems to be a pair and a half of rubber boots dangling from the ceiling. That is he has one matching pair hanging in a cluster of all manner of light fixtures and one stray boot looming in solitary rubbery grandeur between a couple of old laundry baskets and a pair of gigantic shears. The latter, Hawkins explained, are used by farmers to cut bundles of hay in two. These items are hung beside a stroller for the baby, an old magazine rack and right over a jumbled pile of merchandise embodying everything from decrepit shoe trees to antedeluvian radio sets.

Several sets of weary boxing gloves hang in the dust-covered windows,

which contains a mad jumble of stuff. In case anybody should need a solid-tire bicycle wheel, Hawkins can trot it out from the stygian depths of the place. There are four anvils, assorted sizes, awaiting the comeback of the horse.

Coal hods and thundermugs are available for discerning connoisseurs of those almost forgotten domestic essentials. Boxes of DDT powder and the latest thing in photo flash bulbs are tossed helter-skelter among piles of such antiquities as iron muffin pans and iron waffle irons.

"Look here—there's something for you," Hawkins beamed as he fished through his merchandising madhouse. "That's a farmer's dinner bell. He brandished the brass gong proudly. "Listen to that—they could hear it a mile."

Away back in the dimlit rear of the place, just abaft a typical "depot stove," several relics of the unlamented days of prohibition loom like ghosts out of the shadows. They are home brew jars, ready for the day when the wowers and the blue noses once again rape our civilization.

"You haven't got a good second hand ouija board tucked away in all this junk?" I challenged.

"By golly, I've got a couple of 'em," he retorted. "Let's see, they're upstairs. You want one?"

"How about a nutmeg grater."

"Yeap, how many of 'em do you want?" He lunged off through the confusion of the emporium bent on producing the graters. I have no doubt that he also could have produced the nutmeg, real or wooden, too.

It would have been equally easy for Mr. Hawkins to have trotted out a set of browbeaten golf clubs in a hangdog bag or enough rope, be it clothesline or hawser, to corral anything from a pair of panties to a modest big top for a circus.

And in case I was in the market for such a commodity, Hawkins had in stock numerous huge cases containing "waterproof covers for the wing and tail assemblies of B-25 bombers." It is hard to imagine the Hawkins clientele, given to demanding such rarities as bolts that are thraded backward and odd lengths of guttering, stampeding the joint to buy waterproof bomber coverings, but Hawkins operates on the principle that sooner or later somebody will turn up to buy every one of the 33,000 articles in the store.

He acquires his merchandise from many sources but oddities and antiquities are purchased on annual roving pilgrimages around this country and Canada. Incidentally, Hawkins doesn't take inventory because his uncanny memory retains the hiding place of everything in the place. An ordinary accountant, of course, would go mad just trying to wade his way inside the front door.

The unorthodox merchant lives in a spacious home on Kansas City's gracious Gladstone boulevard. The house owes its being as far as Hawkins is concerned to the vast pile of sceming junk which he so successfully turns into cash.

An amusing indication of Hawkins' versatility came up during the recent shortage of a bathroom es-

sential. A customer, none too hopefully but in a spirit of desperation, wandered into the store.

"Sure, wait right there," he thundered and loped off into the labyrinth of his store. There, it seems, he had hundreds of rolls of the stuff,

gathering dust since it had been made years ago—in Japan.

Oh, yes about those fluting irons! Just in case you never heard of such, "fluting irons" are an intricately metal dingus with which belles of bygone generations used to press beautiful tiny pleats into their frilly duds.



THE DEFENSE RESTS

The county attorney demanded at a coroner's inquest that a witness be explicit in describing a barroom shooting. "Did you actually see this man shoot the victim?" the prosecutor asked.

"I saw the gun flash, heard the report and saw the man fall," replied the witness, and added somewhat apologetically, "but I can't say I saw the bullet travel."



"The lady says you tried to speak to her at the station," said the Judge.

"It was a mistake," said the salesman. "I was looking for my friend's sister, whom I had never seen before, but who's been described to me as a handsome blonde with classic features, fine complexion, perfect figure, beautifully dressed, and . . ." at which point the witness announced: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."



"This is an open and shut case, Judge," said the tenant in his own behalf. "She just doesn't agree with my religious beliefs."

The Judge was shocked. "My good lady," he admonished sternly. "You can't evict a man just because you are of different faiths. You are living in a democracy, and one of the cornerstones of democracy is tolerance."

"It wasn't so much that I object to his beliefs, Your Honor," explained the landlady. "When I got mad was when he wanted to sacrifice a black bull to Jupiter—on my new rug."

SHOW FUNNY

A bootblack was working among the Broadway theatre crowds wending their way home from Saturday night performances. He was announcing: "Get your shine! Get your shine!" Farther down the street was the expert, just a couple of years younger; "Get your Sunday shine here!" Get your Sunday shine here!" That Sunday shine seemed to be a reminder which motivated many passersby to stop.

Wishing to encourage a young actress who was having a radio debut in Los Angeles, a New York admirer telephoned her long distance and assured her that her broadcast had been wonderful. "You were fine!" he declared. "There's no doubt about it; you have a great future in radio, just as I've told you."

"But," protested the actress weakly, "there must be some mistake. I haven't gone on the air yet." The admirer was stunned, but only for a moment, "Ah," he said, "you forget the three hours' difference in time. You are all through here."

Joe Frisco was reminiscing about his early days in show business, "It w-w-w-as so t-t-t-ough, once," said Joe, "That I a-a-a-te a p-p-p-performing p-p-p-parrot" . . .

"What was it like?" asked the interviewer. "Not b-b-b-ad," replied Joe. "Yes, but what did it taste like?" . . . "Oh, t-t-t-turkey, c-c-chicken, w-w-w-ild duck . . . That p-p-p-parrot could imitate anything!"



Words for Our Pictures

GOOD WITH FIGURES?? . . . Then guess the weight of lovely Lenna Alexander, who has again been nominated WHB's Swing Girl for the coming year. If selected, her pictorial charm will travel far and wide with WHB's famous slogan, "In Kansas City the Swing Is to WHB." Lenna, in pose minus the Swing, adorns our center pages this month. Swing will pay \$10 for the first letter received correctly guessing her weight. Send your entry to Swing, 1120 Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Mo. If you are good with figures, these measurements may help:

Height, 5 ft. 3 in.
Bust, actual, 37½ in.
Bra size, 34, C-cup
Waist, 25 in.
Hips, 36 in.

Thigh, 20½ in.
Calf, 13 in.
Ankle, 9 in.
Wrist, 6¼ in.
Leg length, 29 in.

Shoe size, 7½ AA
Glove size, 6½
Arm length, 19½
Head size, 23 in.
Dress size, 9 or 10

Shoulder to waist,
18 in.
Dress, waist to knee,
26 in.
Weight ? ? ? ? ?

SWING FEVER . . . Not the season, not the ache or pain, but the title of the movie upon which Ava Gardner rode into the cinema spotlight for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer some time ago. Her most recent picture is "She Went to the Races." Miss Gardner (on opposite page) is the former wife of Mickey Rooney, and is now married to Bandleader Artie Shaw.

SWING'S MAN-OF-THE-MONTH . . . R. J. (Nap) Gardner, chairman of the \$20,000 Kansas City Invitational Golf Tournament at Hillcrest Country Club, July 11, 12, 13 and 14.









W
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MAN OF THE MONTH

R. J. (Hap) Gardner

"GOLF — \$20,000 Worth"

HE WOULD rather have two ounces of aged-in-the-woods Ozark Pine Stump Elixer than ten gallons of the best post-war joy-juices, so he says. Hap Gardner can slap a golf ball 300 yards standing up, and probably half that distance sitting down. He is big, rugged, good-looking, affable, a bit salty, and is not afraid to get into an argument on the 18th—or 19th hole. His talents range from hawking newspapers on the streets of Springfield, Missouri, as a boy, to conducting Izaak Walton lovelorn columns in rod and reel journals, to underwriting earthly chattels for the Charles D. Williams Insurance firm, to his present assignment of heading the committee to underwrite the facial likeness of 20,000 federal fish for the Golfing Goliaths who will storm Hillcrest's carpety acres for all the glory, titles and peacetime promissory notes that go with Kansas City's \$20,000 Invitational Golf Tournament July 11, 12, 13 and 14.

Son of a harness and saddle maker, Ralph J. Gardner was born at Perry, in the then non-existent state of Oklahoma, on April 23, 1905. That sand-trap tan he now wears probably has nothing to do with the fact that he was born and spent his first tender year on an Indian reservation.

When Little Hap had notched 12 months of life, his father, James F. Gardner, picked up his awl and stitching hoss and moved saddles and baggage to Guthrie, which at that time was the capital. But when some strange men came along one day and told the businessmen of Guthrie that they were about to lose their capital, Pop Gardner decided that losing his capital wasn't for him, and so the family

moved across the top of the Ozarks to Springfield, Missouri.

A son of a harness maker is seldom a sissy to begin with, and with Indian kids and bronzed little sons and daughters of weather-beaten ranchers as playmates, Hap Gardner grew up to know his way around. He was bigger than most of the other kids, and it was never healthy for them to start something they couldn't finish.

At the age of 12 Hap decided that fishing for craw-dads and chasing hoops was not a paying pastime, so he got a job as newsboy for the Springfield Leader-Press. Well, you know the stories of the heroic little newsboy who snatched babies from the paths of speeding automobiles, and who walked seven miles out in the country to give the poor widow her two cents change, and who never once knocked down on the near-sighted millionaire who gave him 50's and 20's to change for three cents worth of paper, well—Hap says that stuff goes all right in books and movies, but selling papers was a damn lot of hard work—but he sold lots of papers.

Finally the publishers recognized the boy's initiative and assigned him to display advertising, from where he was to brow-beat merchants into buying more space than they needed to advertise articles which they probably didn't have. (Note to J. C. Turney of the Star: please skip this paragraph.) And all of this time Hap chiseled enough time from his believing employers to attend grade school, high school and Drury College. Dwight Fiske would probably have called it a damn well waste of time.

With a love for the out-of-doors that amounted almost to a mania, Hap is said

to have beamed the advertising manager one day with a 50-pound Meyer-Both display book, and went out into the world shooting off about cartridges. Which is another way of saying that Gardner door-knobbed his way through Midwestern hardware stores selling for the Federal Cartridge Company.

Hap had been playing golf since he was 15 years old, and there was no way of letting the world know that one day he would be slick enough with the irons to tie the course record at Hillcrest. His golfing mate was a phenomenal links star who turned pro fresh out of high school and Drury College. Of course you know him, too—Tom Talbot, pro at Kansas City's Hillcrest?

Well, anyhow, Hap and Tom were golfing Siamese twins, almost. They were on the Horton Smith tournament team one hot summer afternoon, and just ready to tee off on Number 2, when all hell broke loose from the skies. The rain came down in sheets, but Hap teed up anyhow. He took a mighty swing and the wet and slippery club slithered out of his hands. It narrowly missed his partner and sailed over the fence into a nearby field. The ball was washed away into torrents of water that swept the fairway. It was time to quit, and they did.

Along about that time it was discovered in such out of the way places as bars that Hap had a fine baritone voice. Somebody carried the good news from Ghent to Aix, and soon Hap found himself warbling over the Springfield radio station.

About all Hap ever got out of his vocal prowess was a big white elephant of a golden loving cup which designated him as Springfield's most popular radio singer for the year of 1930 . . . and, a friendship with Dennis Morgan, of which you are about to hear.

While a Captain in the Army, Hap's peregrinations (nothing harmful) took him to California. At an impromptu, Sweet Adeline, stage door canteen session, Hap and Dennis Morgan got pretty well acquainted. Hap's baritone swooned Mor-

gan into inviting our friend out to his house for a two weeks stay, from where he jumped into ever more exciting adventures. Hap and Morgan are now fast friends. When Morgan was grounded here last fall enroute to Milwaukee, and was partied at the Muehlebach hotel penthouse, did Morgan stay at the Muehlebach over night? He did not. Some time early that morning Denny was comfortably esconced between the oaken bedposts in the spare room of the Gardners at 7412 Lydia. And this brings up the subject of another Gardner. Yes, there are two, and only two, lo after these long 13 years. Just prior to September 15, 1933, Hap sold Mary Virginia Parsons, former-editor of the Kansas University yearbook, a bill of goods. Mary Virginia took the consignment and has had him ever since.

After Hap had left Springfield and came to Kansas City with the Charles D. Williams Insurance firm, he volunteered for military service. That was in March, 1942. He was assistant to a couple of important colonels, planned and executed a training program for troops in the China-Burma-India theater, came back to the states in November, 1944, and completed his military tenure April 12, 1945, wearing the two bars of a Captain. From there he dove

back into the insurance business, and subsequently joined the American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars.

It was last December when some of the loco golf bugs were still talking over the prospects for a major-league tournament in Kansas City. It seems they had been for a long time. Claude Cochran was president of the Kansas City Golf Association at the time, and he, too, figured something should be done. But how? Lots of conversation, but no action—there had been.

So, Hap volunteered to shake the bushes to see what would come out. He had known and played golf with Ed Dudley, president of the Professional Golfers Association, and Fred Corcoran, tournament manager. Without too much difficulty Hap was able to have them name Hill-



crest as the place and July 11, 12, 13 and 14 as the dates for a national invitational tournament. No other big tournaments were near, except the Tam O'Shanter at Chicago, which follows the Kansas City event. And then, the British decided they would hold their National Open the first week in July.

The British could have thrown a monkey-wrench in the K. C. works but here's the situation. The Oxfords have very, very few good golfers, according to Hap. He says it would be comparable to having the good golfers of Kansas City go over and play for the championship of Bonner Springs, Kansas. It would mean no more than that.

So, the big boys who may go to England for the Open, will fly back for the profitable Kansas City divot meeting. Most of the big shots, however, won't go to England at all.

In the meantime the Kansas City Golf Association, the Midwest Professional Golf Association, and the National PGA roll merrily along. The Kaysee boys are plugging tickets like never before. The prize money, plus other staggering expenses, must be raised before the first ball whistles down the fairway July 11 . . . and all on the proceeds of ticket sales. For the latter job, local golfdom has appointed Bouncin' Bill Sanders to do the job. Sanders, who operates a big Standard Service station on the Country Club Plaza, has literally wall-papered Kansas City with tickets . . . \$4.88 season tickets which admits a person to about \$15 worth of golf if he had to buy them singly, each day. Bill believes that the more tickets you get out, the fewer will come back.

All golf courses, caddy houses, sporting goods shops, clothing stores, and offices of doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, if any, all have ample supplies of season tickets.

Aside from the tremendous business of selling tickets, the golf bugs do have fun. Hap and Bunny Torpey, pro at Indian Hills, all but vitriolized the walls at Blue Hills one night arguing about

how far entrants may come from. It seems there was some divergence of opinion as to how much territory the "midwest" included. But it was all in good, clean fun, and the next day or so Bunny and Hap were out battling brassies.

There's Hap, Bill Sanders, Bill Powell, Fred Schendler, Bob Leacock, Bunny Torpey, Bob Talbot, Merrill Rose, and scores of others who rip each other to shreds on the fairways, but for the tournament they are working like a hill of black ants.

The boys are personally taking a hand in erecting a 32 x 8 foot scoreboard which will reveal to the clubhouse audience at all times the exact location and score of the gladiators out on the course.

But, when the cards are all in, the crowds have gone home, and Herman Keiser, Byron Nelson, Lloyd Mangrum, et al, are counting stacks of Victory Bond prize money, Kansas City folks will have something to count on, too. They can count on the fact that when it comes time to stage another championship golfing show, fellows like Bill Sanders, Bob Talbot and Hap Gardner, will be ready to lead the way.



P. T. Barnum, the great showman was once fooled at his own game. A stranger from Vermont wrote him that he had an outstanding attraction for the famous Barnum Museum—a cherry colored cat. The Vermonter informed him that the price of this odd cat was \$200, payable in advance. But he guaranteed that the feline was cherry colored, as described in the letter.

The idea sounded good to Barnum and he immediately sent \$200 to the Vermont owner. In quick fashion, he received a large black cat. Examining Tabby, he found a note attached to its neck. "I forgot to tell you that all cherries up here in Vermont are black!"

Jest A MINUTE

(With Tom Collins)

Catherine, our maid of all work, was telling me about a friend, a colored woman who was prominent in our little town.

"She is a sanctified saint in our church," Catherine said, "and a mighty fine woman. Good and true. Sweet and pure. But Mrs. Smith, you know, she has one hindrance. Even her dearest friends ain't fond of her."

"No, Honey, the three letter word meaning 'what's drunk in the afternoon is not 'DAD.'"

Automobiles continue to be driven at just two speeds—lawful and awful.

A voting clerk asked: "What party do you affiliate with?"

The mountain girl replied: "I ain't a-tellin'. The party I affiliate with ain't divorced yit."

While riding the circuit in Illinois, Abraham Lincoln, staying over in a rural community, one Sunday, went to hear a circuit riding preacher, a man of high flown language and enthusiasm. Asked by his host, later, what the prairie lawyer thought of the lively elder, Lincoln replied:

"Well, now, if the good brother would only pluck a few feathers from the wing of his imagination and stick them in the tail of good judgment, he would make quite a good speaker."

In a country church, the story goes there was a quarrel over a new organ. Somebody asked an elderly man of strong convictions how he felt about the issue. "I have not yet made up my mind," said the deacon. "But when I do, I shall be very bitter."

Then there was the moron who ran away while he was making a cake. The directions said, "Put one egg in, then beat it."

Idealists maintain that all nations should share the atomic bomb. Pessimists maintain that they will.

She started telling the truth; she said she was forty-two and five months. It may have been pleasing to the angels, but her elder sisters were not gratified.

Washington Dodge, the broker, reports that a client of his who recently bought some Childs restaurant bonds, created quite a stir in the rural telegraph office where he chanced to receive this sinister message: "Child executed yesterday. Remit funds by noon tomorrow."

If there had been drunken driving in the days of the Ten Commandments there would have been eleven commandments.

Worry does not empty the day of its trouble, but only of its strength.

The good old days were those when there were two cars in every garage. now, it's two families.

The salesman who used to sell refrigerators to Eskimos is now selling butter knives to American housewives.

One of Professor Reimers' pupils was asked to define the word agriculture. "Agriculture," replied the boy, "is something like farming only farming is doing it."

WHAT'S IN A *Name?*

*Burlycue, Straw Hat, Music Hall,
Fleapit, Flop House, Video and
White Elephant . . . You pay to get in!*

by JACK ANDREWS



THE other day I happened upon some friends discussing the legitimate theatre and the movie business when one, quite annoyed at something, suddenly remarked: "I wouldn't have anything to do with that fleapit of yours for anything in the world."

It was the first time I'd heard the word fleapit used in connection with a movie house and after the meeting broke up I cornered one of the men and inquired further into the usage of the term. I was politely informed that a fleapit was my friend's description for a rundown movie place, so poorly kept and managed that the floors hadn't been swept for aeons and it was a wonder that anyone entered the theatre to meet up with all the filth so apparent in every nook and cranny. The place literally reeked with a distasteful odor.

In other words, my friend said, it was a dump, a creep joint, nothing but a fleapit.

Of course, I'd heard such terms as dump and creep joint being employed for down-at-the heel theatres,

but fleapit was a new one.

Such descriptions intrigue me in my ever increasing desire to catch and devour new terms and their meanings for things theatrical. To give you an idea what I mean, I've been hearing a lot

about the word *legit*, a short cut for *legitimate*. It's been used quite frequently in newspapers and theatrical publications and you've probably heard or read it more than once.

But what did legitimate mean? What does it stem from? Is there anything illegal about the theatre that the word legitimate has to be used to describe its heritage to the average theatregoer?

Well, in order to find out how the word came into being for the theatre I had to do a bit of research of my own. I had asked numerous editors and reporters on newspapers and theatrical publications for their knowledge of the derivation, but to no avail.

So the next best bet was the New York Public Library where I filtered through masses of volumes to

exhume "American Thesaurus of Slang" by Lester F. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark. In this thick tome was the word legit, which was explained as "the McCoy, lawful, legitimate actor, a legitimate theatre."

Which was hardly the definition I wanted. So I groped some more until I found "A Dictionary of American Slang" by Maurice H. Weseen, assistant professor of English at the University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb., Prof. Weseen describes legit as "a legitimate drama, a stage show." Still unsatisfied, I delved further into the archives until I met up with "Theatricana," a vest pocket glossary by Ken Carrington. "Theatricana" stated legit was "a straight dramatic presentation as opposed to vaudeville, burlesque, musical, etc." The brochure was published back in 1939 and in it I learned for the first time the theatrical meaning for dog house, described as a theatre where shows haven't got a chance.

While I was content for the moment with these answers, I mentioned them to a friend of mine, a lawyer in the theatrical world. He agreed with Ken Carrington and went on to explain that a legitimate theatre is not to be confused with a *stock house*.

Stock shows, my legal friend revealed, date back fifty years or so and enjoyed a healthy life in principal cities. They were in their heyday from 1929 to 1933, at which time they petered out. Today these theatres are known as the Little Theatre where groups put on shows, changing them from week to week. They may



be made up from New York casts or local groups.

At one time there were as many as thirty roadshow units, but in recent years this number has dwindled to a mere handful. Chicago and a few more cities find a strong boxoffice for these shows, some remaining for as long as two years, as in the case of "Oklahoma" in the Windy City. "Harvey" and "Life With Father" now have roadshow units touring the country and more current Broadway shows will have duplicate units in the field as they gain popularity.

My friend also told me that a *first class* show means one where the original cast from New York is seen in a particular city, after its Broadway run. He likewise stated that a *Repertoire Theatre* is one where a cast, local or from the east or west, puts on a series of different recognized hit shows of past years, each week.

You may have heard of the *Subway Circuit* and then again you may not have, so to be sure, the explanation is this term applies to a theatre owner who has a number of theatres

and will book a legitimate show, usually of recent Broadway popularity, into one theatre and follow it down the line into as many houses as he controls. Then when the show has completed his circuit, he may book it into theatres where he can get open time. These hit shows are usually revitalized during the summer months at admissions considerably below original prices charged. Because of the limited engagements, they are usually a success in each locale.

Before Nickelodeon really got around as a trade name, such words as *Kinetos*, *Cinemas Vitas*—from *Vitascope*; *Bios*—from *Bioscope*, were common synonyms for a movie—itsself an abbreviation of motion picture.

You have probably heard of "Arty" house and wondered what it was all about. Well, "Arty" theatres are those where unusual attractions, foreign and domestic, with social and cultural significance are shown. Such pictures never grow old, like "Gone With the Wind," "The Informer," "Oliver Twist," "Pygmalion" and the like.

Burlycue was an originality of *Variety* more than thirty years ago. It was the brain child of the late Jack Conway, one of the theatrical magazine's staff writers and was used as a substitute for burlesque. Bernard Sobel, a former newspaper man and press agent for Florenz Ziegfeld, wrote a book about burlesque and called it "Burlycue."

Straw Hat is another *Variety* connotation. It was given birth by Wolfe Kaufman, who recently wrote "I

Hate Blondes," the mystery chiller novel. *Straw Hat* is used to denote converted barns in summer situations where tryout shows are held. New talent is developed at these theatres and many big names in the theatrical world today made their first appearance at such places.

Music Hall, of which there are more than a hundred throughout the country, was brought into being long before Tony Pastor. Halls, usually designed for meeting places, were converted into temporary places of entertainment in the old days, but today the theatre of that name in Radio City is the largest in the world and the epitome of showmanship under the expert operation of G. S. Eyssell, formerly of Kansas City.

Showwindow is a test theatre for producers in principal cities like New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, and other key points of mass populations. Special advertising campaigns are put on in advance of the engagement of a picture being tested for its special popularity ahead of regular exhibitions.

DeLuxe. A theatre where vaudeville and name bands surround the film attraction.

Flop House. Where patrons find the chairs a convenient spot for a snooze. Whatever picture is showing doesn't count much with the jaded patron.

Slough. Where second rate pictures open for a first showing.

Foreign. Where language films are the main fare. No subtitles are used to translate the dialogue in these theatres.

Newsreel. There have been about

forty such theatres around the country devoted to exclusive showing of newsreels. The show generally runs an hour. Some newsreel theatres recently have added short subjects in order to round out the hour schedule.

Grind. Such theatres never closed as a rule but lately they have been because of the labor problem. When they reopen the show starts at seven or eight in the morning and closes at two or three the next morning.

Swing shift. This term has now faded out, but during the war theatre owners put on special week-hour shows for defense plant workers unable to visit the theatre at other hours.

Drive-Ins. They are becoming more and more popular in warm climate situations and elsewhere during spring, summer and early fall months. All you have to do is drive your car into an open lot where special screens and projectors are setup and look at your favorite movie without leaving the vehicle. The idea is taken from the Open Air Theatre, now practically passe, but where you would go and see a picture under a blanket of twinkling stars.

Video. Not yet widely used but coming into popularity with the advancement of television. Many movie

houses today are expected to be converted into Video theatres, where shows are being televised and broadcast before audiences.

Action. These theatres have developed audiences which go in for horse operas (westerns), killer-diller thrillers, and films that have a hold-on-to-your-seat reaction in every foot of celluloid.

Week Stands and Split Weeks. During vaudeville days theatres playing acts for seven days were known as Week Stands; those playing three and four days were known as Split Weeks.

There are theatres known as *circuit houses*, which means they are controlled by a chain; *A, B and C houses*, meaning first run, second and third run; *Dumps*, which is another word for a Fleapit; *Joints* and *Bastard houses*, which are a disgrace to the neighborhood but still provide a "living" for the owners, and finally a *White Elephant*, a theatre that has never made money for the owner but which he has to continue to operate for reasons bearing on other theatres he has in his setup.

With the ever changing cycle in the theatre and motion picture business you can expect more fancy appellations in the future.



THE *Seedless* HERB



Poor Olaf, he ran himself almost ragged looking behind big rocks.

by LEWIS C. HODGINS*

FAR across the verdant valley, since late afternoon, Olaf's young wife had waited for him. Would tonight be as empty for them as last night? If he couldn't find the herb—then what . . . ?

She lifted her soft eyes to the glistening canopy of the invisible world, the lighted amphitheatre of the firmament, and traced the shining stars gleaming like a jeweled necklace in the oval ceiling of the storied heavens.

After a moment she lowered her eyes as though she would penetrate the black curtain that shut from her view the sweep of the valley.

For two days Olaf had searched through field and forest for a strange herb. Now, the orange disc of the sun was dipping behind the forest, its radiating shafts of golden light spraying the emerald beauty of the giant trees with lambent flame and rich, scintillating hues. The great shadows from the regal oaks that sheltered the soft carpet of its mighty timber slowly lengthened into an enfolding night as the ebony curtain from the nether world unfolded and silently swept in on invisible wings, while all growing things and moving creatures seemed suddenly to become still

in the tranquil hush of the darkened earth. But even then Olaf was reluctant to turn homeward from his fruitless search.

Then suddenly she saw Olaf, tall and lithe, far out in the field, moving swiftly home. When he came to the rose-bordered pathway to the new cottage, she ran to meet him, laughing softly as he swept her into his arms.

"Ah, you found it, Olaf!" she cried in happy anticipation.

The smile left his face, and he looked at her there in the night, wondering what he should say. Then he spoke to her in his quiet, serious manner. "No, I did not find it."

He felt the tenseness of her slender body against his own, and he could sense that a shadow had stolen into her eyes, and he winced from the thought. Bravely he forced himself to laugh convincingly when he promised her, "But tomorrow I will find it."

Olaf was right. Late the next day he found the elusive plant near the edge of the forest, growing in the shadow of a huge boulder. Excitedly he dug his fingers into the rich, black earth, being careful not to bruise the

* (Note: Two Hodgins authors in this issue are different breeds of cats. Strangers to each other.)

precious herb while he freed it from the virgin soil.

In aroused agitation, he walked swiftly at first, then broke into a trot, then ran across the fields, bursting into the house, breathless, startling his wife.

That night Olaf tied the strange herb to a knotted strap, and then he stretched the strap under the bed. A delighted smile of satisfaction over

a task well done lighted their faces; she, looking up at him and he looking down at her.

But why have I told this? Well, you see, it illustrates the belief commonly held by Europeans in the thirteenth century that certain herbs could prevent child-birth, and the number of knots in the strap would indicate how many children were thus prevented from being born.



FULL HOUSE

He: I'll bet you wouldn't marry me.

So she called his bet and raised him five.



"Young man, didn't you have a brother in this class last year?" asked the professor. To which the student answered: "No, 'twas I. I'm taking this course over again."

"My! My! Extraordinary resemblance!" was the professor's reply.



They are telling of an enterprising veteran who started a new business in the northwest by purchasing all surplus flame throwers he could lay hands on.

What did he do with them? Why he sold them to Duluth householders to clear the snow from the sidewalks and drives. They melted those high drifts in no time at all, saving hours of shoveling.

The easy going Southerner strolled onto the station platform and up to the station agent. "When does the westbound train arrive?" he asked.

"At 3:00 p.m."

"When will the next train be going east?"

"At 4:00 p.m."

"What about the northbound train?"

"It's not due until 6:00 p.m."

"And the southbound train?"

"It left two hours ago."

The Southerner considered the information carefully, then bestirred himself. "Well," he said, "I guess it's safe to cross the tracks now."



One tree can make a million matches—one match can destroy a million trees.

THIS *Shrinking* WORLD

*Can the world's cultures
be thrown into air-age contact
without new frictions?*

by JOHN H. FURBAY

Air World Education, TWA Airlines

THE arrival of the air-age is likely to change social patterns as radically as did the advent of the industrial revolution. The age-old barriers of land, mountains, and oceans have been removed, and whole areas of the earth which were once isolated are now on the main highways of aerial transportation. Air extends everywhere. There are no boundaries, shores, or bottlenecks that can be controlled by the nations which happen to be in possession of them. Air is the one medium providing possible communication and transportation between every nation and all others.

At the same time, the air-age has brought a speed of transportation which has so reduced distances that it is no longer meaningful to speak in terms of geographical miles, but rather of the time required to go from one place to another.

The distance between New York and Boston was much greater in terms of travel time in the days of George Washington than the distance is today from New York to Bombay. All the nations of the world are



closer than were the thirteen colonies in 1776. This means that peoples who once lived their lives in comparative isolation from other peoples must now learn to get along with other groups who are now only a few hours distant.

There are other factors which will contribute to bringing the peoples of the world together. Time has been mentioned. Another is the reduced costs. Since the airline fares have dropped below first-class rail and steamship tickets, whole masses of our population who once could not afford to travel in planes will now be able to do so. The remarkable safety records of the airlines have practically removed all fear of air travel from the minds of most people. In addition, several millions of our youth have had actual air experience during the recent war. The net result is that we are an air-minded people, and that we possess the physical equipment to carry us almost overnight to any desired point of the earth—the farthest point away from any of us being only 60 hours, with a likely reduction to 40 in the near

future. World tours are now being organized which will make it possible for a person with a two-weeks vacation to go around the world and spend eleven of his fourteen days on the ground.

All this brings us to the point: Are we ready to face the social obligations of this mass travel? Has technology advanced too far ahead of our social consciousness for safety to civilization? Can the races, religions, and varied cultures of the world be thrown into intimate contact without creating frictions and antagonisms out of which may grow hatreds and wars of the future? This question can be answered only by the educators who mold the minds of our children. We must prepare them for participation in this world-community.

It is said that Americans are among the most provincial people; that we regard ourselves as superior to other nationalities; that we look down upon races with shades of skin color darker than our own; that we have a particular phobia regarding "foreigners."

If this is true, we might examine the causes of these things. Provincialism naturally grows in a country which is so large that there is little contact with other countries; and it has little opportunity to exist in a small nation which must depend upon contacts with other nations for survival. The average American of past generations has not been outside the United States; has never found it necessary to speak or understand any foreign language; and has not had an opportunity to meet foreigners other than laborers brought here to do



tasks Americans themselves did not care to do. All this adds up to the provincialism of which we are accused.

Mass travel on the part of Americans is certain for the future. The problem which faces every student of social science is "How can we neutralize the attitudes of intolerance and prejudice, and create travelers who will not offend these neighbors who have now been brought so close to us by the air-age?" One of the first steps is to rid ourselves of the notion that Americans are superior in all respects, and to take stock of the aspects in which other peoples may be superior to us. Another is to recognize that the standards by which we judge progress and superiority are not the standards used by others. To boast of our advancement in terms of the number of bathtubs per thousand population, or the number of automobiles or radios or telephones—this would leave most other countries cold. They do not judge a nation by these mechanical achievements in which we have excelled. Many prefer to judge on spiritual planes, ask-

ing what music, poetry, and art a nation has given to the world.

Another problem facing educators in this matter is the idea that we should "teach tolerance." This is probably the worst thing we could set out to do. "Tolerance" implies putting up with something that is inferior, but not labeled as such. We "tolerate" things which are below us. What we need to replace tolerance is something positive, such as a genuine appreciation of other peoples, their history, contributions to world culture, and their philosophies of life. It is only when we come to appreciate others that we automatically lose our prejudices regarding them; and, in turn, we are likely to erase from their minds prejudices they hold regarding us.

The time has ended when assembly speakers and commencement orators can honestly tell our boys and girls that we are the "chosen people." We can instill a healthy Americanism and a pride in our nation and its achievements without trying to rate all

others as inferior. It would be much better to teach our children that we have excelled in scientific fields, and that the world looks to us for technological leadership; but that we have much to learn in the realms of the fine arts, social integration, and everyday living. Many nations whose scientific developments have not ascended to the heights of our own can teach us many valuable things about "living." While we regard some parts of the world as unsanitary, they may be regarding us as without souls.

If the air-age is to bring to mankind a better understanding and appreciation of one another, we must begin now to develop those attitudes of mind that will make informed, appreciative travelers of our citizens. We will have opportunities to visit our world neighbors and to live among them. Let's learn from them and let them learn from us. Let's teach appreciation rather than tolerance; and let's not forget that we are the foreigners while we are abroad.



DIPLOMATIC ERRORS

The banquet had proved very unsatisfactory. The committee in charge were hopeful as the guest of honor was introduced by the toastmaster. "Gentlemen," said he in a stentorian voice, "we have with us tonight Professor Haxworth, who will tell us some of his biggest and best after dinner stories."

Amid rousing applause, Professor Haxworth arose. "Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen," said he, "to begin with my biggest story, let me tell you how thoroughly I have enjoyed your banquet."



"She's pretty as a picture . . . But what does she want with that old frame?"

IT WAS *So* EASY!



"Fate—I guess." And he pulled the rope that raised the gate!

by JOSEPH KANTOR

"MURDEROUS thoughts raced through my head all the time," admitted Jerry Doakes. "I made up my mind to kill that foreman. He'd hounded me long enough and I had to act."

The prisoner smoothed his thin sweaty hair. He volunteered the grisly details in a cheerful, matter-of-fact way.

"I am 52 years old. Single. I come from Newton City, Minnesota, where I taught school. Monotonous job. I wanted to make a change for ages but somehow just didn't get around to it until the war."

For a minute he was lost in thought.

"I came to New York in the spring and began work in the Johnson Steel plant. I reported at 10 p.m. every night. What a difference from the classroom. Teacher to inspector. I examined shiny equipment all night long. Shaft after shaft—night after night—the annoying gleam of light on metal gave me frequent headaches. Soon, it was worse than teaching.

"I drifted along at this tiresome job," he continued vaguely, "until

that Frank became foreman. Oh, he knew his stuff—I'll admit that—but he found immediate fault with heretofore accepted methods and instituted changes that annoyed and exasperated me.

"How many times have you inspected this gasket?" he demanded one night in his overbearing squeaky voice.

"Three times so far. That's the custom," I answered.

"He cursed bitterly.

"Haven't you enough sense to know that it is important? I've inspected it fifteen times within the past hour. On the job, you loafer," he yelled, 'and get busy.'"

"I could scarcely credit my hearing. My fingers closed over the micrometer in my hand. I raised it threateningly. He didn't like the look in my eyes and backed away.

"I calmed down. 'Don't ever talk to me like that again,' I warned him quietly.

"For a number of nights, he said nothing. But I could sense his little black eyes boring into me. At the

bench, he peered over my shoulder. On the floor, he padded after me. He pried—snooped. A war of nerves, and he was winning.

"On that Thursday night, I reported in a listless, lifeless mood. I



fiddled with shafts. I glanced at housings. I let the shiny bushings drift through my fingers. The fluorescent lights shone with an unusual glare. My head throbbed frightfully.

"I forced myself to pick up a shaft. 'Watch the bushing length—.850" plus or minus .002";' I muttered to myself. 'Watch the "A" dimension—.350" plus or minus .003". Watch the groove depth—.032", the groove width, .015", the blueprint—watch—watch.'

"Those infernal presses pounded continuously. Idly I looked at my distorted reflection in curved shiny metal. I picked gadgets up. I put them down. I walked to the water cooler. I returned without drinking. I moved around in a haze.

"Through a fog, I saw the foreman. 'You haven't done any work tonight,' he accused, drawing him-

self up to his full five feet and peering at me through his slant eyes. 'Get busy, or get your time. Not fair to others if one guy loafes. You know that.'

"Chills raced up and down my spine. A knot formed at the pit of my stomach. The white lights turned to a bright red. The pounding presses made an odd roar in my ears.

"Dizzier than ever, I grabbed an inkwell and staggered toward the foreman.

"'Brain him,' was my intention.

"He was alarmed. He retreated hastily. I raised my arm—one of the boys stepped between us and removed the inkwell from my grasp.

"'Steady, Doakes,' he cautioned.

"'I'm quitting at the end of the shift,' I told Frank in a cold, dead voice.

"'O. K. with me,' he answered indifferently. He went away. I sat at the bench holding my aching head.

"Dawn was breaking through the dirty windows when I arose and went down the aisle. I walked from the lighted machine-shop into the dim stock-room. I paused a few feet from the freight elevator. A revengeful feeling stirred within me.

"At that moment, Frank stopped at the elevator. Fate, I guess. He pulled the rope that raised the flimsy safety gate and shouted down the shaft to the operator, although the elevator was at the floor above."

Doakes laughed out loud.

"It was so easy. I gave him a quick, gentle shove."

Chicago Letter . . .



By NORT JONATHAN

HAIL the conquering heroine! Miss America has come and gone, leaving in her wake a bevy of exhausted aides, two or three dozen smashed hearts, and a platoon or two of enthusiastic admirers in bobby sox.

Bess Myerson, the tall, dark, de-lovely girl who won the title at Atlantic City last September, spent five hectic days in the Windy City speaking mostly to high school students. Her subject: You can't hate and be beautiful. Her daily schedule of five to ten assembly appearances, plus assorted luncheons, teas, receptions, and public meetings, would have stunned Mrs. Roosevelt. But Bess took them all in her stride and would have covered even more territory if Mayor Kelly's Commission on Human Relations hadn't almost collapsed under the strain. Miss Myerson was sponsored in Chicago by that busy organization, in the interest of better racial relations among teen-age young people.

To say that Bess was sensational is

putting it mildly. A rare combination of beauty and brains, she had accepted a musical scholarship instead of the usual vaudeville tour and quickie movie offer. Her work among young people began in New York and has continued during a nationwide tour. In Chicago she made more of a hit than Sinatra.

That young man has just finished a seven-shows-a-day stint at the Chicago Theatre, flagship of the Balaban and Katz movie chain. The police and the theatre were ready for The Voice, but the elaborate preparations made for record-breaking crowds and swooning bobby-soxers turned out to be needless. The nurse on duty stood around the lobby with nothing to do but look bored and the bone-crushing crowds failed to materialize. With the exception of a relatively few hardy exhibitionists who stayed up all night for the privilege of entering the theatre at seven o'clock in the morning and swooned for the benefit of the photographers, there was little commotion. Apparently Frankie's press agent had done his job too well. Most of Chicago, afraid of a terrific jam and a long wait in line, stayed away.

Chicagoans will have an excellent opportunity to hear one of the best imitations of The Voice when young Larry Storch opens an engagement in the Empire Room a few weeks hence. We're enthusiastic about Larry because we knew him in the Navy—when he was one of the sailor stars of the "Meet Your Navy" radio program on many a bond-selling tour. Kansas City saw, heard and applauded him in January, 1944, when Commander Eddy Peabody and his Great Lakes gang packed the Auditorium to the roof. And if our memory is still working correctly, Larry also appeared during that Kansas City visit on Jetta Carleton's "Show Time" program on WHB.

Young Storch is an amazing mimic who owes his present top-billing to an

Admiral's nasty whim. The Commandant at Great Lakes happened to drop in on a variety show being staged for homesick recruits just in time to catch Larry in a highly irreverent impersonation of an Admiral making a speech. And so, very shortly thereafter, Mr. Storch found himself on his way to Pearl Harbor. There he met Dennis Day, Jackie Cooper, Alvin Roy and numerous other Hollywoodians who were so impressed by his talent that when Larry returned to the west coast last December his fame had preceded him. He quickly found himself starring at Ciro's, featured on Duffy's Tavern, and a guest on numerous other shows. In Chicago he'll join Ted Straeter's orchestra for an important spot in the Summertime Review.

A long-time Chicago favorite is now back in town in a new role. We mean luscious Ada Leonard, who has joined the ranks of the all-girl orchestra leaders. It was only a few years back that Miss Leonard, who is statuesque and beautiful, was our local Gypsy Rose Lee. A great favorite at Chicago's biggest burlesque house, the Rialto, Miss Leonard did her work in such a provocative fashion that she spent five or six years disrobing before the footlights with never a lay-off. Now she's at the renovated Colisomo's—leading her own orchestra and wearing the same gorgeous gowns she wore at the Rialto. But this time the gowns stay on.

Most of Randolph Street is talking about the highly entertaining article in Fortune magazine on the well-known innkeeper, Ernie Byfield. Mr. Byfield claims to be the only veteran restaurant and hotel man who didn't invent crepes Suzettes.

By the time you read this, the famous

moonlit Beach Walk of the Edgewater Beach Hotel will be open for business—which will help Romance no end. Many a man and a maid during the last few decades haven't been able to resist the Beach Walk's combination of sweet music, soft breezes, moonlight on Lake Michigan, and colorful lighting. More romances have bloomed there than anywhere else in town, with the possible exception of the Oak Street beach or the Forest Preserves.

These warm summer Sundays, Chicagoans are becoming used to suddenly coming upon droves of bicycle enthusiasts on their way somewhere. The **PEDAL BRIGADE** Pedal Brigade is out in full force. Daddy and Mother have taken over Junior's favorite method of locomotion for Sunday trips to the Forest Preserves, to the Indiana dunes, and to such other local beauty spots as Starved Rock and the Fox River valley.

The Straw Hat Theatre season is almost upon us—for the first time since 1941. Again this year almost every good-sized barn within motoring distance of Chicago will have its perspiring group of amateur or semi-professional warm weather thespians. They'll feature the works of practically every top playwright from Moss Hart to the Bard of Avon. With wartime restrictions lifted, and lots of male actors back from the wars, it'll be a big season for the hayloft Barrymores.

The saddest, grimmest sight in town is the dark, lifeless hulk of the LaSalle Hotel, standing alone against the bright lights and noise of the Chicago summer night. The night after the hotel's fire, bed sheets still fluttered in some of the darkened windows—ghostlike witnesses to a tragedy which all Chicagoans say must not happen again—anywhere. And so it does—in Dubuque!



CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

By MARION ODMARK

Out of Doors

★ **BEACH WALK**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Lavish, lakeside dancing spot in the best romantic tradition, with Henry Brandon's orchestra in the bandshell and Dorothy Hid's revue in the limelight.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place, (Whi. 5301). Chicago's newest show-place, much like "21" in New York with multiple dining rooms and lounge and a very continental walled-patio for dining and cocktails. Rene is maitre d'hotel.

★ **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan Avenue (Del. 0904). A delightful garden spot to relish authentic French cuisine and fashionable company.

Smart Set

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan Avenue (Wab. 4400). Orrin Tucker's orchestra and Dorothy Dorben's magnificent production should be imperative on every stepping-out directory.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 North State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A delightful, clubby little room that's a pet of the younger crowd and those hep to the best in small bands, at this moment Phil Gorden.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton Place (Sup. 2200). Suave Ramon Ramos and his orchestra are the new attraction in the bandstand; new decorations, too, in the bedouin motif.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Ted Straeter and his "star dust" music is the latest big band swoonews and Imogene Coca, satirist, heads the handsome mid-summer company of stars.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (Har. 3800). Until September, the big excitement is the South American band of Gonsalves-Menconi, which is manna for rumba connoisseurs.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). Ernie Heckscher's sweet strings and romantic swing, and top drawer single acts are all society asks for. Don't forget the Balinese Room for a quiet dance and dinner.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 North Michigan Avenue (Whi. 4100). Joe Vera's very fine band, Robert Crum's piano portraits, and Saturday fashion revues at luncheon are high spots in this decorative room.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 North State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Second home of visiting celebrities and Chicago's own first families for such very good reasons as decor distingue, cuisine elegant and matchless service.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle Street (Cen. 0213). Sherman Hayes and his orchestra for dancing and a trim little two-act show for divertissement.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 East Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Closed the first two weeks in July to give employees a vacation—and for redecorate.



Where They Are

★ Joe E. Lewis, that modest madman, is at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) along with a solid show. . . . Harvey Stone, most sought after up and coming comedian, is appearing at **RIO CABANA**, 400 North Wabash Avenue (Del. 3700), along with the king of calssic taps, Georgie Tapps. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) has its usually flashy Broadway-styled entertainment. . . . **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 South Wabash Avenue (Vic. 9259), scoops the town with an ice show plus Ada Leonard's all-girl band. . . . And at **BROWN DERBY**, Monroe and Wabash (Sta. 1307), **CLUB MOROCCO**, 11 N. Clark Street (Sta. 3430), and **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106) are variety shows that stack up good for all around fun.

For Dancing Especially

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Del Courtney and his band are back, which couldn't be better news to his very faithful admirers. Little show augments. ★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Best rhythm bands in the land play here on a rapid change policy.

Out of the Ordinary

★ If you're looking for something different in the way of backgrounds, try the catacombs of Ralph Jansen's **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark Street (Gra. 2771). . . . The splendid Cantonese delicacies of **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 East Walton Place (Sup. 8812). . . . The Victorian gentility of **L'AIGLON**, 22 East Ontario (Del.

6070), famed for Creole and French cooking . . . The Bavarian color of OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) and traditional Eitel food. . . . The far horizon retreat of SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State Street (Dea. 9733), superior oriental concoctions a la carte. . . . And the temple-like HOUSE OF ENG, 110 East Walton Place (Del. 7194).

Purely Palatable

★ Any gourmet dish you might order at Joe Miller's 885 CLUB, 885 Rush Street (Del. 0885), is bound to be exceptional. . . . There's no beating steaks as they're found at the STEAK HOUSE, 774 Rush Street (Del. 5930). . . . Hungarian dishes take honors at BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North Avenue (Mic. 5988). . . . Spaghetti leads at AGOSTINO'S, 1121 North State (Del. 9862). . . . Entire bill of fare at CHEZ EMILE, 180 East Delaware Place (Del. 9713), is remarkable artistry. . . . Tops in Scandinavian cooking, KUNGSBOLM, 631 Rush Street (Sup. 9868). . . . For barbecued ribs, there's nothing like SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush Street (Sup. 5496). . . . A national favorite, A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush Street (Del. 1492), for the obvious reasons.

Rugged Is the Word

★ For those who can take it, the way the gals can take it off, Chicago's more sophisticated sun-dogging is in its element at the BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson Avenue. . . . CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 West Madison. . . . L & L CAFE,

1316 West Madison. . . . CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison. . . . And THE PLAYHOUSE, 550 North Clark Street. . . . You don't need to make reservations—or have any!

Ballrooms

★ Nothing but dancing to America's best dance bands at the ARAGON BALLROOM, 1100 Lawrence Avenue. . . . RAINBOW BALLROOM, Clark and Lawrence . . . and TRIANON BALLROOM, 6201 South Cottage Grove. . . . And there are palatial sopts in the best sense of the word.

Legitimate Stage

★ "ANNA LUCASTA," that long-running drama-comedy of Negro life, is still going strong at the Civic Theatre, 20 N. Wacker Drive (Fra. 7818).

★ "UP IN CENTRAL PARK," is Mike Todd's sensational musical set for the summer at the Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). In its cast of 100 you'll love Wilbur Evans, Betty Bruce and Maureen Cannon especially.

★ "LAURA," makes its pre-Broadway debut at the Harris theatre, 170 North Dearborn (Cen. 8240), a chilling mystery drama with Miriam Hopkins playing the Gene Tierney movie role and Otto Kruger in the Clifton Webb part.

★ "STATE OF THE UNION," is the jack-pot of this year's excellent plays, showing at the Blackstone theatre, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880), with Judith Evelyn, Neil Hamilton and Janis Rennie superb characters.



BUSINESS AS USUAL

Here is a telephone episode typical of efficient business circles (so called).

The phone rang. "This is Perkins, Parkins, Peckham and Potts—good morning."

"I want Mr. Perkins, please."

"Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pincham of Pincham, Pettam, Poppum and Pogg."

"Just a minute, I'll give you Mr. Perkins' office."

"Hello, Mr. Perkins' office."

"Let me speak to Mr. Perkins."

"Mr. Perkins? I'll see if he's in. Who's calling, please?"

"Mr. Pinchem of Pinchem, Pettam, Poppum and Pogg is calling."

"Just a minute, Mr. Pincham. Put Mr. Perkins on the line please."

"Just a moment please. I have Mr. Pincham right here. Go ahead. Okey with Perkins, Parkins, Peckham and Potts, Mr. Pincham. Go ahead, please."

"Lo, Joe. How's for lunch?"

"Okay."

New York Letter . . .



by LUCIE INGRAM

THE summer season in Manhattan is equally as gay as the winter season providing one knows where to go. The city itself with roof gardens and air-conditioning offers comfort and recreation in abounding quantity and a summer spree in Manhattan can be definitely *huba*. But, leave us talk about some of the places within easy driving distance from town that come under the heading of "country dining." If you haven't a friend with a car you can always rent a drive-it-yourself job; just be sure your driver's license is handy. Out Long Island way there is the Studio Club at Great Neck which is cool, softly lighted and has excellent food. No dancing here but there is sweet music which always adds delight to a cocktail and vitamin intake. A short distance on there is Mori's in Manhasset. A not so glamorous setting here and no music, but good food and good drinks and very popular. Also to be recommended in Manhasset is the Hidden House. This is one of those big, old houses that has been converted into a

restaurant. It's as neat as a pin and exceptionally well managed. In Roslyn, a few miles further, the BLUE SPRUCE Blue Spruce rambles on the side of a hill overlooking the village. It is breezy and comfortable and tremendously popular with residents . . . which is always a good test. The Swan Club (which isn't a club) nearby is right on the water and although new this season, is showing every indication of arriving to stay. Rothman's in East Norwich is one of those "you-can't-miss-it" places because it's right on the highway with a sign that needs no research study. Inside it is the old tavern type of thing . . . long bar, heavy chairs and tables and huge servings of marvelous food. On to Syosset there is Villa Victor which like so many others is a converted house. One can dine here in one of the many inside rooms or out on the porch, and most any item on the menu is bound to please. The Penguin Club (which means what it says and is a club), is over Glen Head way. The membership list has reached bewildering proportions (the membership fee is something like twenty-five dollars), so it shouldn't be too difficult to wangle a guest card. This club was formerly the Woman's National Golf Club and has been kept intact with only the necessary additions made to make it one of the attractive "country dining" spots on the most attractive "country dining" spots on the Island. There is music and dancing and superb food. Advance reservations always simplify one's entrance so don't be hesitant about that twenty-cent call.

Directions up Connecticut way are much easier to follow than out Long Island way. In fact, the Merritt Parkway which streaks along as far NOT HARD up as New Haven is so TO FOLLOW well marked and beautiful that it is a pleasure every inch of the way. Turning off at Mount Vernon one can go to the Studio Club. It is a duplicate of the one in Great Neck and under the same management. Good. Turning off to Yonkers . . . Ben Riley's

Arrowhead Inn which is high on a hill, spacious and attractive . . . music but no dancing. Silver Mine Tavern, a few miles off the parkway, is not only one of the most beautiful spots imaginable but is full of such a number of things that one wants to linger for hours. It's a tremendous place and besides the bar and dining rooms there are rooms filled with antiques and curios for sale. Rather high prices but most unusual. On the Parkway, near Westport, is The Red Barn. This would be hard to miss and a shame if you did. Wonderful food and real old New England atmosphere. In Stamford, where they have a summer stock company, the Roger Smith Hotel is the favorite wine-dine spot. The summer theatre has excellent shows (Clare Luce did *Candida* there last summer), and the whole evening can be a lot of fun. You really should drive up the Merritt Parkway anyway . . . just to see what a honey of a state Connecticut is.

If you are more interested in your destination than in the drive, hum along to the Princeton Inn at Princeton, New Jersey. Scenery along the way certainly can't be recommended but once you hit Princeton all will be forgotten. It is a garden spot and has a romance all its own. The Princeton Inn is so delightful you'll want to stay over-night. Cocktails on a gay terrace over-looking rolling hills and the same cuisine that delighted the Duke of Windsor. It's a pity for visitors in Manhattan not to get acquainted with the surrounding country. It's as beautiful as anywhere in the world and makes the desire to live in the East so much more understandable. And the hour or so it takes to drive to these places is so well worth the effort.

Ethel Merman has a big hit on her hands and it looks as if she is going to be mightily busy for a long, long time.

As Annie Oakley in **FASTER AND MUCH FUNNIER GUN** she is faster and funnier than ever before. And the hit tunes are too numerous to mention. The way she packs a gun isn't likely to prick up the ears of a huntin' hound but she always manages

to shoot it off right on cue . . . and that's every few seconds. It's funny from beginning to end and closes on such a gay note that one forgets about hitting the hay and wants to hit a couple of nite spots. **CALL ME MISTER**, in two acts, is such rapid-fire entertainment and so packed with clever songs that it's over before you get your elbows adjusted. Betty Garrett (aided by a beaded dress), proves what South American rhythm can do to the spinal cord in a hilarious number called "South America . . . take it away." The show has no continuity other than the theme of the returned G. I. It's a series of skits . . . and a riot. These two shows are sold out every night and have a load of standees, so try and get seats well in advance. They're sure bets. We shall miss Old Vic when it goes . . . which is very soon now. Laurence Olivier and Company have moved right into the hearts of Manhattan's theatre lovers and they'll just have to come back, that's all.

In a few minutes now fall fashions will begin to fill the shop windows along the Avenue. It's very confusing. The temperature and the **FALL FASHION** plays never seem to get **ON THE WAY** together. With four inches of snow on the curb we have bathing suits, and when it's a hundred and ten in the shade we have wool dresses and fur coats. Makes it hard to settle down and enjoy the season at hand. However, a new wrinkle worthy of note has arrived in Manhattan from Paris and is scheduled to be much talked about for winter wear. It's a mouton coat with a plastic finish. It's as soft as any natural fur but is weather-proof and no doubt will be practically wear-proof. In the lower priced bracket, too. This information came from The Tailored Woman at 57th and Fifth Ave. Better get your order in early. What a marvelous idea for school girls at that demanding and destructive age.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JEANNE TAYLOR

Bar Crawler's Baedeker

(With footnotes and asides concerning food, people, atmosphere, and tariffs. You'll find the addresses and phone numbers listed at the end.)

IF you contemplate a few days on the town, the management suggests that you put in at some of the ports of call listed below. Some are big, bright and noisy. Some are shabby and cozy. Some are elegant saloons. And some are genially respectable as your favorite old aunt. And maybe just as boozy. Depends upon your aunt. But all of them seem to offer something rather special in one way or another, and in case anybody cares what we'd do if we were you, here's what we'd do:

We'll start with lunch. For breakfast you're strictly on your own, but if you like Danish pastry, RUMPELMEYERS at the St. Moritz have the best! You can order orange juice and coffee in your room, run up your own three-minute eggs, or pour yourself some Scotch and milk, if you have a bootlegger and a cow.

But as for lunch—Ah, now! Since this is July and sunglasses are in order, we suggest a luncheon out of doors. Number one place on this list is the back garden of the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. You sit under umbrellas, hard by those curious bits of metal known as abstract sculpture. We assure you, the Museum's fresh and refreshing buffet is considerably less abstract than the art.

Another choice for mid-town lunch is TOWN AND COUNTRY, that gourmetrical hippodrome; or its little sister, the DRURY LANE. Both have the same wonderful food, good rich drinks and pleasant service. But you may have to stand in line. Drury Lane is all done up in fake silver filagree like a cross between a prop room and a romanticized castle. But it won't bother you . . . You might enjoy lunch at the MAYAN RESTAURANT in the International Building. If you don't mind hustle-bustle. Each day the Mayan features a different and authentic foreign dish.

If you're down around the Village at lunch time, try the WHITE TURKEY TOWN HOUSE. It's pretty Colonial and the food is wonderful! Or drop in at HELEN LANE'S, where they have cleanest scrubbed oak tables and the handsomest copper collection around. Or, if you don't mind the Fifth Avenue buses whipping by and throwing dust in your food, luncheon on the BREVOORT'S sidewalk is fun. Also for lunching in the sun, the FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL and LONGCHAMPS are exciting.

So much for lunch. You've had it, brother. And it's about time to start the day's drinkin'. The alchemy of summer sunlight and good liquor turns an afternoon into pure gold. So, choose your spots and get with it. Any sidewalk cafe is a good

start. Or, for good clean fun, a balloon and a beer, we suggest the CENTRAL PARK ZOO.

If you'd rather imbibe inside, try TOOTS SHOR'S, because it's a pleasant enough place and people like to be seen there. Or, the BARBERRY ROOM, because it's the plushiest place we know—deep, dark, starlit and cool. (Don't go in your golfin' shirt or your second best little cotton dirndl. Not unless Hattie Carnegie dreamed it up and it cost you two weeks' salary or the best years of your life) . . . Then, we'd poke our nose into such charm corners as WASHINGTON MEWS, PATCHIN PLACE, or MACDOUGAL ALLEY. After a stroll through Washington Park, we'd be in the midst of the Italian section of the Village, and probably stop at FRANK'S PIZZERIA and have a small pizza with anchovies and sausages and tomatoes and a small shell of beer to wash it down. Then we'd walk the length of Bleeker

Street where the most wonderful vegetables are sold from pushcarts and all the store windows are hung with strange cheeses and there are big baskets of clams, mussels, eels, prawns, etc. We'd be in the old part of the Village by then . . . and every bar is an experience.

They're neighborhood bars and the arguments you hear, and get in on, are wonderful. Stop for a beer in each one. The LEROY at Leroy and Carmine, JULIUS' famous bar is exciting just a block from NICK'S, where Miff Mole and other jazz greats play every night. If you want

a typical Village dinner with atmosphere, PETER'S BACKYARD or any restaurant between Fifth and Sixth Avenues on 9th, 10th, 11th, or 12th is fine. If you're interested in good food, try CHARLES on Sixth Avenue. Two excellent Village seafood places are SEAFARE and THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE. Later, we'd travel over to Times Square, to the Astor, and if we could get in we'd dance a while at the BROADWAY COCKTAIL LOUNGE. It's one of the less hysterical spots in this historic hotbed. Then, at sundown—and please do!—have a peaceful drink in BEEKMAN TOWER, 26 floors up, where you can walk around the Tower outside, look down on this fabulous island and ponder on atomic bombs and such stuff as dreams are made of. But, maybe you'd be happier over at JACK DELANEY'S on Sheridan Square, where every other bar stool is an old English saddle and the phone booth is an old lacquered carriage . . . Or, at LEE CHUMLEY'S, near the nine-foot wide, three-story house where St. Edna used to live. If you can park the little woman up the street, you fellas would enjoy the



wonderful ale at McSORLEY'S wonderful saloon. It's the one somebody wrote a book about. It has sawdust on the floor, an old pot-bellied stove and a potbellied clientele.

If you want to keep on, it's only a skip and a jump to the El station on Ninth street and in no time at all you're in Chinatown. Get off at Chatham square. It's fun to wander around Pell and Mott streets. Chinatown bars are no good but the eating places, particularly CHINA LANE, are wonderful and inexpensive.

If you still want to keep on, stroll up the Bowery. Don't be frightened . . . no part of New York is better policed. But don't drink in Bowery spots. Remember that rinsing doesn't always clean a beer glass.

If you're still perpendicular by this time, we'll get on with dinner. If you want it without fanfare and sequins, try the ALGONQUIN, (where a lot of famous writers used to gather in a corner) or TOWN AND COUNTRY, where they have enormous popovers. It is suggested that you bring your own box of butter. TOOTS SHOR has pretty fair food at prices that will make you sit up and take notice—and so will Orson Wells, Ralph Bellamy, Maxie Baer, Waubillaun LeHay (ex-WHB girl who made good), and any other celebrities who may and probably will drop in. For a look at radioites, LOUIS AND ARMAND'S at lunch only, the BARBERRY ROOM, lunch and dinners, and of course, the CUBROOM OF THE STORK. If you must go to the STORK and don't know Jack Spooner or Sherman Billingsley, why not just sit at the bar? You'll see everybody who comes in anyway.

TONY'S on W. 52nd is a celeb spot, and don't miss Cy Walter at the DRAKE HOTEL. Not such a hot room, but he's wonderful and his piano draws the celebs like flies. If it's still food, and of the unusual, try LEE'S, one flight up from a narrow Chinatown street, or for food with a Russian flavor and floor show you might enjoy the KRETCHMA.

After dinner, if you're still on the town, choose one of the big, brassy spots or the smaller, snootier ones. At the EMBASSY you may swoon away with the charms of the newest French import, Charles Trenet . . . or you may want to save your pennies and go see Hildegarde in the Plaza's PERSION ROOM. If you like the show fast and furious, try the LATIN QUARTER or the ZANZIBAR. The VERSAILLES offers the handsomest show girls who ever walked in your sleep. At the COPACABANA, lovely Jane Froman (who survived a Clipper crash, remember?), still heads the bill.

Personally, we like that little velvet-padded cell, the BLUE ANGEL. Or, if you're down a round Washington Square, take in EDDIE CONDON'S. He's the hot guitarist, and a nice young man. Not far away is CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. The food is good and the show is better. Josh White and some celebrated Negro musicians make it rather special. CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN is a dollar more expensive and offers the DOWNTOWN'S graduates.

If the July moon is out; you'll probably want to spend some time on a roof. They've opened up by this time, in full splendor. Our favorite is the ST. REGIS ROOF with Paul Sparr's orchestra. The STARLIGHT ROOF features Mr. Cugat and his men again. Their music, with the general

decor and a moon over three or four Manhattans, is a good combination.

If you've covered half these spots by this time dearie, it's time you went home and took in the milk. The stuff begins to sour after sun-up. But just to polish off the night in style, stop in for breakfast at REUBEN'S. It's noisy and you'll have to stand in line. But the food is good and besides, it's just THE place to have breakfast.

And, so to bed, dear Pepys, and to get off to a fine start tomorrow we suggest the corner drug-store. They pour a really lovely bromo seltzer.

ALGONQUIN—59 West 44th. MU. 2-0101.
BARBERRY ROOM—19 E. 52nd. PL. 3-5800.
BARNEY GALLANT'S—86 University Place. ST. 9-0209.

BEEKMAN TOWER—49 and 1st Ave. EL. 5-7300.

BLUE ANGEL—152 E. 55th. PL. 3-0626.
BREVOORT—8th St. and 5th Ave. ST. 9-7300.
CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN—2 Sheridan Square. CH. 2-2737 (Minimum).

CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN—128 E. 58th. PL. 5-9223 (Minimum).

CAPTAIN'S TABLE—410 6th Ave. GR. 7-9320.

CASINO—157 W. 56th. CI. 6-6116.
CHINA LANE—20 Mott. CO. 7-4694.

LEE CHUMLEY'S—86 Bradford. CH. 2-9512.
CHARLES—452 6th Ave. GR. 3-9192.

COPACABANA—10 E. 60th. PL. 8-1060 (Minimum).

DRURY LANE—47 E. 49th. PL. 8-3017.
EDDIE CONDON'S 47 W. 3rd. GR. 3-8736 (Minimum).

EMBASSY—149 E. 57th. PL. 3-8998 (Minimum).

FIFTH AVE. HOTEL—5th Ave. and 9th. ST. nicely done, there's BARNEY GALLANT'S genial place down in the Village.

HELEN LANE'S—110 Waverly Place. SP. 7-0303.

JACK DELANEY'S—72 Grove. WA. 9-9215.
LEE'S—36 Pell St. WO. 2-8191.

LATIN QUARTER—48th and B'way. CI. 6-1737.

LONGCHAMPS—12 locations. See telephone directory. CH. 3-2200.

LE ROY—46 and Bradford. CH. 3-9684.
MAYAN RESTAURANT—16 W. 51st. CI. 6-5800.

McSORLEY'S OLD ALE HOUSE—15 E. 7th. GR. 7-9363.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART—11 W. 53rd. CI. 5-8900.

NICK'S—170 W. 10th. CH. 2-6683.
LOUIS & ARMAND—42 E. 52nd. PL. 3-3348.

PERSIAN ROOM—Plaza Hotel, 5th Ave. at 59th. PL. 3-1740 (Cover).

PETER'S BACKYARD—64 W. 10th. ST. 9-4476.

REUBEN'S—6 E. 58th. VO. 5-7420.

RUSSIAN KRETCHMA—244 E. 14th. GR. 7-6444.

ST. REGIS ROOF—5th Ave. at 55th. PL. 3-4500 (Minimum).

- STARLIGHT ROOF—Waldorf Park at 49th. EL. 5-3000 (Cover).
 TOOTS SHOR'S—51 W. 51st. PL. 3-9000.
 STORK CLUB—3 E. 53rd. PL. 3-1940.
 TOWN AND COUNTRY—284 Park, at 49th. VO. 5-5639.
 VERSAILLES—151 E. 50th. PL. 8-0310.
 TONY'S—59 W. 52nd. PL. 5-0170.
 WHITE TURKEY TOWN HOUSE—1 University Place. AL. 4-3677.
 ZANZIBAR—Broadway at 49th. CI. 7-7380 (Minimum).

NEW YORK THEATRE

(Addresses and telephone numbers listed at the end)

- ★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Mansfield) An all-Negro play, as rich and earthy as good black loam. It's the story of a young and handsome girl whose profession is ancient if not honorable, told with some tenderness, some laughter. Nightly except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.
 ★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum) A comedy fresh as if it were still wet behind the ears. Paul Douglas (who won an award for this performance) is a gentleman of international and devious dealings, who gives his little playmate, Judy Holliday, everything she wants—three fur coats and a sniff of Culture. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ DEAR RUTH. (Henry Miller) Because love and marriage and the problems of same seem here to stay, this Norman Krasna comedy seems here to stay. In its second year. Nightly except Sun-

- day at 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ DEEP ARE THE ROOTS. (Fulton) A particular phase of the racial problem faced squarely and dramatically by Arnaud d'Usseau and James Gow. An intelligent and lovely girl, and a young Negro home from the wars, fall in love. And there you have a meaty problem for both the theatre and for life—whether you like it or not. The play is well done. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ DREAM GIRL. (Coronet) Elmer Rice describes the secret and public life of a rather dreamy young woman in a great many scenes, of which about half are extremely amusing. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.
 ★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE. (Royal) The sad, funny and exasperating pursuit of happiness by a domineering mother and her two dreamy children. A beautiful play, beautifully played by Laurette Taylor, Julie Haydon and Anthony Ross. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ HARVEY. (48th Street Theatre) A likable old dipso who harkens to the philosophies of an invisible white rabbit, throws his family and assorted psychiatrists into a spin, and the audience into the aisles. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ I REMEMBER MAMA. (Music Box) A sweet and comical remembrance of things past. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka walk off with honors in this story of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Nightly except Monday at 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.
 ★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou) Another remembrance of things past. The play's seven continuous years prove its merits. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane are the umteenth pair to play Father and Mother. Nightly except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.
 ★ ON WHITMAN AVENUE. (Cort) The story of a Negro family and a white neighborhood which did not recognize emancipation. Another honest facing of the racial problem. The earnestness of the play compensates for some lack of good theatre. Nightly except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.
 ★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson) Ralph Bellamy decides he'd rather be right. Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay wrote this Pulitzer Prize comedy, and Ruth, the Gorgeous, Hussey shares top honors with Bellamy. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.
 ★ SECOND BEST BED. (Barrimore) A comedy about the Shakespeares by N. Richard Nash, with Ruth Chatterton as co-producer, co-director and with Miss Chatterton in the lead role. Something to chatter about. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ THE DANCER. (Biltmore) A new play by Milton Lewis and Julian Funt, produced by George Abbott and directed by Everett Sloane. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
 ★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco) It is heard in the land for the third year, now, thanks to the deft workmanship of Author John Van Druten and the general joyousness of the cast which is entirely composed of Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter and Vicki Cummings. It's a comedy, in case you wonder. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.



ANNIE
GET
YOUR
GUN

Musicals

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial) Ethel Merman with a voice like the five o'clock whistle, involved in the sharp-shooting antics of Annie Oakley. The book is by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, music by Irving Berlin, dances staged by Helen Tamiris, and the whole thing presented by Rodgers and Hammerstein, the two gentlemen who seldom do wrong. And they didn't with this. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Wednesday, 2:30.

★ **ARE YOU WITH IT?** (Shubert) Yes and no. Yes to some capable performers, including Dolores Gray, Johnny Downs and Lew Parker. No to the book in general. Nightly except Monday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **AROUND THE WORLD.** (Adelphi) Mr. Welles has found a vehicle for all his talents—you might call it the Orson buggy. While he and the rest of the enormous cast perform in this vehicle, everyone else is climbing aboard the bandwagon to shout the good news that here is one of the biggest and funniest shows ever cooked up by two people as apparently diverse as Orson Welles and the extinct Jules Verne. Nightly except Friday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **BILLION DOLLAR BABY.** (Alvin) The roaring twenties—with gestures. Also song and dance and Mitzi Green—and all of it adding up to the year's best satire. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National) A bunch of vets, assisted by Betty Garrett and some other appetizing gals, perform a merry post mortem on army life. Some call it the best show in town and they couldn't be very far from wrong. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic) Ferenc Monar's winsome little love story of the man who couldn't go straight, even in heaven—set to equally winsome music by Rodgers and Hammerstein, and decorated by Agnes de Mille choreography. In its second year. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James) In its fourth year and no wonder. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th St. Theatre) In its fortieth year—more or less. Victor Herbert brought out this sentimental comedy in 1906; Dorothy Stone and others revived it last fall. Fine, if you

like it mellow to the point of being musty now and then. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **ST. LOUIS WOMAN.** (Martin Beck) Although it is slightly top-heavy with plot, this all-colored musical is generally a treat. And so is Pearl Bailey! Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld) A magnificent revival—packing in converts every night. The book, you know, is by Edna Ferber. The music by Jerome Kern. The latest cast includes Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer and Buddy Ebsen. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Broadway) A costume piece thrilling to the eye and to the ear in spite of a story that fails to match Grieg's very fine music. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY.** (Broadhurst) Ray Bolger of the molasses muscles clowning around at his best in a show not quite good enough for him—but still funny. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" Denotes West or East of Broadway)

Alvin.....	250 W.	52nd	Cl.	5-6868	W
Adelphi.....	160 W.	44th	Cl.	6-5097	E
Barrymore.....	243 E.	47th	Cl.	6-0390	W
Bijou.....	209 W.	45th	CO.	5-8215	W
Biltmore.....	261 W.	47th	Cl.	6-9353	W
Broadhurst.....	235 W.	44th	Cl.	6-6699	W
Broadway.....	B'way	at 53rd	Cl.	7-2887	
Cort.....	138 W.	48th	BR.	9-0046	E
Coronet.....	203 W.	49th	Cl.	6-8870	W
Fulton.....	201 W.	46th	Cl.	6-6380	W
Forty-Sixth St.....	226 W.	46th	Cl.	6-6075	W
Forty-Eighth St.....	157 W.	48th	BR.	9-4566	E
Henry Miller.....	124 W.	43rd	BR.	9-3970	E
Hudson.....	141 W.	44th	BR.	9-5641	E
Imperial.....	249 W.	45th	CO.	5-2412	W
Lyceum.....	149 W.	45th	CH.	4-4256	E
Martin Beck.....	302 W.	45th	Cl.	6-6363	W
Mansfield.....	256 W.	47th	Cl.	6-9056	W
Morocco.....	217 W.	45th	Cl.	6-6230	W
Music Box.....	239 W.	45th	Cl.	6-4636	W
Majestic.....	245 W.	44th	Cl.	6-0730	W
National.....	208 W.	41st	PE.	6-8220	W
Royale.....	242 W.	45th	Cl.	5-5760	W
St. James.....	246 W.	44th	LA.	4-4664	W
Shubert.....	225 W.	44th	Cl.	6-9500	W
Ziegfeld.....	6 Ave. &	54th	Cl.	5-5200	

SUMMER THEATRE

MASSACHUSETTS

CAMBRIDGE—Brattle Hall.
WESTBORO—Red Barn Theatre.
WORCESTER—The Playhouse.

PENNSYLVANIA

JENNERSTOWN—Mountain Playhouse.
MOUNT GRENA—Playhouse.
MOYLAN—Hedgerow Theatre.
NEW HOPE—Bucks County Playhouse.
NUANOCOLA—Grove Theatre.
READING—Green Hills Playhouse.

MAINE

LAKEWOOD—Summer Theatre.

VIRGINIA

ABINODON—Barter Theatre.
BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS—Cross Roads Theatre.

NEW YORK

BLAUVELT—Green Bush Theatre.
CLINTON HOLLOW—Goode Theatre.
GREAT NECK, L. I.—Chapel Theatre.
HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—Art Theatre.
SMITHTOWN, L. I.—"Hamlet."
SUFFERN—County Theatre.
WOODSTOCK—Playhouse.

CONNECTICUT

LITCHFIELD—Litchfield Theatre.
NEW MILFORD—Theatre-in-the-Dale.

NEW JERSEY

CAPE MAY—Cape Theatre.
CLINTON—Music Hall Theatre.
JUTLAND—Hunterdon Hills Playhouse.
MILLBURN—Paper Mill Playhouse.
TRANECK—Little Barn Theatre.
UPPER MONTCLAIR—Studio Playhouse.

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Good food and twenty-four hour service amid all the excitement of one of the nation's busiest air terminals! That's Milleman and Gilbert's contribution to the air traveling public. Counter stools, lots of 'em, in scallop fashion, for quick service. Muraled walls, gassed-in view of the field, pretty airline hostesses, dapper pilots are all part of the fun. There's also a newsstand in connection. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **ALLADIN COFFEE SHOP.** Red oak and silver eating and coasting place in the spacious hotel of the same name. Air-conditioned and featuring Kansas City sirloin, club and T-bone steaks. Complete dinners from \$1.25. 1312 Wyandotte, VI. 0371.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** No directions are needed to find this blue-glass stopover in the Linwood-Troost area. The food is as good as the place is colorful and there's usually a line of standees. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ **BOWMAN'S RESTAURANT.** One of Kansas City's newest east side spots. An attractively lighted, canopied bar, with a convenient dining room. Choice of chicken, steaks and regular course meals. Norman Turner at the Grand nitely. 3210 E. 15th. BE. 9399.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A casual, quiet dining room catering to full-course family dinners. An ideal choice for Sundays. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ **COMMERCE GRILL.** Generous portions, pleasant surroundings and fast service, all with the touch of the well known Ray Dodd. Home made bread and sweet rolls. 917 Grand Avenue. CI. 1448.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** A very good imitation of an 18th century half-way house, with big, scrubbed oak tables, dim copper lamps and an amazing collection of antiques. Features fried chicken dinners at \$1.25, sandwiches and barbecued meats. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA. 9699.

★ **ED'S LUNCH.** If you're one of those ink-stained wretches of the Fourth Estate, or a relative thereof, you'll find plenty of company at this

place where the Star gang gathers. Closed Sundays. 1713 Grand Avenue. GR. 9732.

★ **EGYPTIAN TEA ROOM.** Dim and cozy with tea leaf readings gratis. A "slenderella" or seafood salad bowl is wonderful for those who shy at calories. The banana cream pie is wonderful. Under management of Zonola. Closed Sunday. 1121 Grand. HA. 8626.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Booths, tables and good service are available in this glassy, bright and attractive eating edifice. Sea food flown in from the gulf daily is still available. Open 11 a.m. to midnight. Closed Mondays. Brush Creek Boulevard and the Paseo. VA. 9757.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** To a long line of seafood devotees who seem to show up every day, there is now available Glenn's famous black walnut, golden brown waffles. You've never tasted anything better. Very clean, cool, and the service is amazingly efficient. Open 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed Saturday and Sunday. 819 Walnut Street. Scarritt Arcade. HA. 9176.

★ **MAYFAIR COFFEE SHOP.** An ensemble of chrome, black, and red leather, with comfortable booths and an ample number of tables. Menu features choice steaks and chops. Service, 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. In the Mayfair apartment Hotel, Linwood and Tracy. VA. 3870.

★ **MAURICE'S.** An ideal family dinner spot. Home style dinner with all the food you want. All food preparation is personally supervised by Maurice himself. Noonday luncheons from 50 cents. 6332 Brookside Plaza. JA. 9572.

★ **MILANO'S.** Coming from a long line of spaghetti twisters, we happened one evening on this place and haven't been able to move on since, because of the delicious Italian spaghetti they unwind out there every day. The surroundings are colorful and the service native. Closed Sundays. 31st and Campbell. VA. 9662.

★ **MARTIN'S DRIVE-IN.** Johnson and Wyandotte county homemakers are taking it easy these days while the whole family eats out at this airy and inviting drive-in. Just flash your lights for service. Choice T-bone, club and sirloin steaks, barbecued ribs and fried chicken. 41st and State, New Highway 40, Kansas City, Kas. DR. 9588.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** A bright and busy place, paneled and mirrored, with a fine array of food and Maxfield Parrish murals. Open all night. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A very large restaurant with several neatly appointed rooms. The service is good and prices reasonable. Parking just across the street. In the B.M.A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **OVERBECK BROTHERS.** Despite shortages, Overbecks are still featuring a bangup noonday luncheon for 50 cents. Your choice of tables, booths, or at the bar. The cocktail lounge is a lively spot later on in the evening. Closed Sunday. 3251 Main. VA. 9363.

★ **PHILLIPS HOTEL COFFEE SHOP.** An ideal break in any crowded shopping trip, and a wise choice for lunch or dinner. Tables and booths. Just a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** Red and beige cuisine-corner of the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys, featuring home-made pies, cakes and tender, luscious steaks. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. Sunday, 11:30-2:00. Closed Saturday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **VERDI'S.** A cool, downstairs restaurant with massive stone pillars and haybarn fittings. Was formerly the Rathskeller. Complete Italian dinners from \$1, plus a fine choice of chicken, prime ribs and turkey. Dinner music by the lovely Monica Triska. 1115 E. Armour. VA. 9388.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** A beautiful, circular example of modern architecture, with golden oak and red leather booths and tables. The home of Z-Lan rabbit dinners and fine fried chicken and steaks. Air conditioned. Weekdays 11:30 to 1 a.m.; Sunday, noon to midnight. Closed Mondays, 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** A well-bred bar and dining room with the welcome mat out. Popularly priced good food and a favorite with south side diners. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** A bar, restaurant and cocktail lounge all under one congenial canopy of conviviality. Juliet Turner is pianist in the cocktail lounge, while Joshua Everett Johnson beats out black light boogie in the restaurant. The Sunday midnight interludes from 12 to 1:30 a.m., at the end of the weekend, are extremely popular. 3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Each week Alma Hatten, expressionistic pianist, takes her listeners on a harmonic journey to the seldom-trod paths of musicland. Sometimes it is the deep south for touching folk songs, and then again it is the Bowery, Tin Pan Alley or Old Mexico. Food and service are exceptional in this comfortable, casual south side cocktail lounge and restaurant. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** A place to enjoy fine foods prepared for your taste at one of Kansas City's most comfortable dining rooms. The quality of drinks is thoroughly in keeping. 113 E. 10th. VI. 4352.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** A small and cozy corner of the Robert E. Lee Hotel where Rockin' Rocco Ray rides the jives with black light. A type of entertainment you hate to get up and leave. 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Famous for lobster, shrimp, rainbow trout, famous as a meeting place of the famous, and famous for the organ music of Pauline Neece. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** That hand-shaking Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, has built up a happy and hilarious following at the former Colony Club. Newly decorated and very handsome indeed! Right now the brilliant young piano stylist, Johnny Barnett, is the musical magnet. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Plenty of latticed booths and tables, but still not enough to satisfy the

connoisseurs of Italian-American food who are around about the same time every evening. Pretty girls in cute Italian costumes bring in your platters of genuine Italian spaghetti. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Ken Prater runs one of the most popular luncheon spots in town, with KCMO, WHB and KCKN people all but taking over the place. It is a roomy spot, with ceilings high as an airplane hangar and a convenient bar. If you prefer to sit, just waggle down a waitress and she'll bring the drink to your table. In the evenings the Grill is fine for sociability and steaks. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** Ultra modern kitchen and beautifully designed restaurant, all pink, blue, blonde and mirrored, with a cute bar. Nick Bacci will see that you are well served; Alva will help; Henry O'Neill will entertain you, and most important, Russell Barnhill will feed you. The bar has a map mural that is intriguing. In the K. C. Merchandise Mart. 22nd and Grand. VI. 6587.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** A popular standby of those who really know their way around this town. Mixed drinks at the bar and a convenient dining room nearby with really something in it. Across from the Pickwick Bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9224.

★ **PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT.** Chicken and steak dinners plus a slightly and sharply revue. First floor show on weeknights is at 10:30. Charley Rankin is the MC. 2240 Blue Ridge. IND. 5702.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Harry Newstreet's place is the pet of Plaza nightlifers, with its good food and liquors and hospitable service. Plenty of booths and tables, or you can sit at the horseshoe bar. Mary Dale entertains at the piano and Solovox. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ **PLAZA LOUNGE.** Smart, major-league entertainment for the Country Club Plaza. Formerly known as Martin's, it has two large bars, a night club and a cafeteria. Don Reid and his popular foursome of Swingsters are now featured. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **PIONEER ROOM.** Growing in popularity is this new room in the Westport Arms hotel. Canopied, circular bar, with a divan and low tables around the entire place. Occasional organ music. Armour near Broadway. LO. 0123.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Luncheon, dinner, drinks and those magnificent Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. Not a spacious room; but it's always filled with interesting people. There's piano music at night and Saturday noons by Willie Weber.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** A very comfortable reformed tea-room offering a cocktail lounge, booths, tables and bar stools for your comfort. Pusateri steaks are just about the town's best—and the salad is wonderful. Occasional piano music. Opens 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel. Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A favorite gathering place of friendly people in Waldo, the 75th-Broadway district. It's a large place with a modernistic bar and indirect lighting. An attractive dining room is just a little separate. An ideal family gathering place for noonday lunch, dinner, and ala carte after nine. 405 W. 75th. JA. 9796.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** An institution—since the days of Sarah Bernhardt, Theodore Roosevelt, et al. They all knew the Savoy—the same as gourmets know it now, from the dim browned murals, the high leather booths, the favorite old retainers. The food is traditional in style, but up-to-the-minute in method. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** Playful little brother of the Plaza Royale, this popular downtown spot is also under the management of Harry Newstreet. With hoochs, tables and bar stools. Chummy and just noisy enough, and conveniently close to the sidewalk. Nice music, too! 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A microscopic little place but big in hospitality. It's popular with people who like to make their greenbacks do double duty. The bargain "two for one" cocktail hour is featured every day from 3 to 5. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** If Jorge Pasquel drops in some evening, he may try to sign this place for the Mexican league, too. It's all so genuine, even the dark-eyed little rascals who deliver your drinks. Mignon Worley, popular Kansas City artist, did those colorful dancers on the walls. Pretty and talented Alberta Bird of WHB presides over the Novacord each evening. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** A dim and inviting cocktail lounge with the decor inspired by the stories of Omar Khayyam. That incredible mirror over the bar is always fascinating as it the organ music of Lois Ellen. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A pleasant room in dim-lit green, chummy and intimate. Smartly south-side, the Zephyr offers entertainment, food and drink, all in attractive surroundings, smooth and modern. You'll see and hear many of the name acts of the El Cashah, and many of the same customers. Opens at 11 a.m. Entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing

★ **BLUE HILLS.** An ideal place for a perfect evening in a friendly blue and silver hidcaway. Featured on the menu are barbecued ribs, beef and chicken, for dinner or supper. Through a glass arched door is the cocktail lounge where Tony Curuchi and his Latin music are on hand for nightly entertainment. Your host is the very competent and friendly Eddie Cross. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Here at the La Salle (and thank goodness, ours didn't burn!) you can be with the patrons who have raved over Judy Conrad's music for more than a year. Marilyn Bliss and Billy Snyder are the soloists. Just beyond is the Russian Room with the glass bar, all mirrored and paneled and very dazzling. Dancing from 9 p.m. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Decor by Winold Reiss, menu by George Souchet, and music by Dick Morton and his gorgeous gal singer, Jeanne Carroll. The Gauguinesque murals were done by the man who painted the country's largest, those in the Union Station in Cincinnati. The magic eye door is a fascinating contrivance. Hotel President, 10th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The same customers who haunt the Pump Room in Chicago and the Stork in New York, also like Barney Goodman's El Casbah. Rococco decor, with almost continuous entertainment by really top-name stars. Saturday afternoon is popular, with a Cocktail Dansant, free Rhumba lessons by Arthur Murray teachers, and no cover charge. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Julia Lee's dim and smoky kingdom, noisy, crowded and authentic. This is Julia's 13th year at that piano. She sings, too, and is one of the best genuine jazz-makers left in this part of the country. Her sparring mate is that drumming bronze bomber, Baby Lovett. 5111 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** This is a large mirrored dining room with a junior-size dance floor. Roy Mack and his popular orchestra are being held over indefinitely. No music for luncheon but you'll find the customary excellent food and service. The hotel's manager, R. E. McEachin, says that many people would rather just talk than listen to a band during the noonday meal. Barney Allen doesn't argue. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PLANTATION.** An attractive dining and supper club just a convenient drive east of the city. The musical magnet is still Jerry Gilbert's fine trio. Highway 40, East of K. C. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Comfortably elegant with solid pillars and the atmosphere of a real southern mansion. Recently re-decorated, the Mansion turns out to be just about Kansas City's finest restaurant—spectacular decor, wonderful food (steaks!) and swell music by Dee Peterson and his polished orchestra (heard nightly at 7:30 on WHB). 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **SKY-HIGH ROOF.** Dancing Friday and Saturday nights to Kenny Whyte and his rather large band. Not only large, but it's good, too. Other nights the roof is available for parties. Call Mr. McEachin at the Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Schiaparelli chose the pink for the walls, and a goodly portion of Kansas City's smart set have chosen the grill as a time-honored spot for luncheon or dinner. Luncheon music begins at 12:30 p.m., by Bobby Meeker's band, which is to follow Russ Carlyle any day now. The evening dinner session begins at 7:45. Sunday night dinner and supper attracts lots of home folks for "family night." Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Here's a place to get your jollies with the musical assistance of pianist-vocalist Jenie Leitt. For a gal, she has the best beat you ever heard. They call her stuff "Boogie, with a college education," and Webster could have done no better. But he'd be shocked by her song lyrics. So would your aunt. The place is chummy, noisy and neighborly. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A roomy night club out in the Waldo district that stays open until you can hear the rattle of milk bottles. Under a new setup, two hands alternate. Max Bicknell has one hand; and the Four Tons of Rhythm, with marvelous singing and terrific beat, are worth the admission! 79th and Wornall. DE. 1253.

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Paramount

THE BRIDE WORE BOOTS— Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings, Diana Lynn, Patric Knowles. Two men, two women and a horse make up this five-sided romantic comedy. Cummings loves only his wife, Barbara; she loves him, too, but is wild about horses which, in turn, drives him wild. Diana Lynn, a flirtatious Southern belle, sets her cap for Bob; and Pat Knowles, Barbara's partner in horses, has more than a business interest in Bob's wife. This marital steeplechase is aided and abetted by scene stealer Albert, the horse.

TO EACH HIS OWN—Olivia de Havilland—four leading men: John Lund, sensational acting discovery from Main Stem, with a double debut as father and son; Roland Culver, one of England's foremost character stars; Phillip Terry, late of **THE LOST WEEKEND**; and Bill Goodwin, who has **THE STORK CLUB** as a recent credit. This personal love story, a tear jerker, if you care to borrow the trade expression, is a World War I-World War II epic presenting 27 years in a woman's life—Jody Norris', to be specific. Olivia de Havilland could well be an Academy contender on the strength of her performance, as she moves from a teen-ager to an embittered woman in the middle forties.

RKO Radio Pictures

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS— Claudette Colbert, John Wayne, Don DeFore.

Claudette, as a famous authoress who has written a book about the psychology of returning war veterans, encounters two r. w. v. who think her book smells. She promptly falls in love with Wayne, and just as promptly sees him in the leading role of the film to be made from her book. Not revealing her true identity, she travels to the West Coast with them on an **IT-HAPPENED-ONE-NIGHT** sort of journey. Getting the modest Wayne to assume the role of a famous movie star is another story—but Claudette manages, you hetcha!



Twentieth Century Fox

SMOKY—Fred MacMurray, Anne Baxter.

Fred MacMurray is back in the saddle again, riding hard on the cattle range owned by Anne Baxter. In accordance with the original Will James story, **SMOKY** concerns a horse primarily, the MacMurray-Baxter love interest taking second place. The picture traces the life of Smoky from the time he is a wild range colt to his demise as a plug horse pulling a junk wagon. **SMOKY** is all west and a yard wide, even down to the rootin', tootin' tunes furnished by Burl Ives, "the singing troubadour."

Tentative Schedule for Films Showing In July In Kansas City

NEWMAN
HER KIND OF MAN
TO EACH HIS OWN
THE WELL-GROOMED BRIDE

**ESQUIRE, UPTOWN,
FAIRWAY**

SMOKY
LOVER COME BACK
CENTENNIAL SUMMER
CANYON PASSAGE

LOEW'S MIDLAND
BAD BASCOMB
NIGHT EDITOR*
TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON

ORPHEUM
WITHOUT RESERVATIONS
STOLEN LIFE
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN
*Companion Picture

Warner Brothers

ONE MORE TOMORROW— Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Jane Wyman, Jack Carson, Alexis Smith. Portions of this may be recognizable as the original and unforgettable Phillip Barry play.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. The change in name indicates it wasn't intended to be Barry's story—and it isn't! **ONE MORE TOMORROW** is the story of a handful of bright young people who try to publish a liberal magazine, and the attempts of other bright young people to prevent them. Their problems—both professional and amorous—are many.

JANIE GETS MARRIED—Joan Leslie plays the title role in this sequel to last year's **JANIE**; Robert Hutton (who wooed Janie in original film), is the bewildered bridegroom. As love-happy youngsters—who muddle through problems both real and self-inflicted—both stars come across with serenely natural portraits. Others whose individual portrayals win high praise from this corner include Edward Arnold and Ann Harding as Janie's parents; Hattie McDaniel as April, Dick Erdman as Scooper Nolan—and little Clare Foley, as Elsbeth Conway—Janie's kid sister.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON

—Kathryn Grayson, June Allyson, Lauritz Melchior, Jimmy Durante, Peter Lawford. Once upon a time there were two sisters from Boston. One was ambitious enough to run away to New York to make a bid for grand opera fame, even though she had to sing in a Bowery joint to do it. The other was scandalized by her sister's behaviour and followed her to the big city to "save" her. Yes, of course there are a millionaire's son, a famous opera star, and a bowery piano pounder on hand to see that the girls get career and romance. And there's a pocketful of songs you'll be humming for days after seeing **TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON**.

Swing Around . . .

OR CALF MAKEUP? . . . A girl arrived here from the East and took a position with a retail feed store. She was warned that Missouri farmers were great joshers, so she made up her mind not to be taken in by them. The first morning a farmer came in and asked for some shorts (ground corn) for his pigs, and the girl replied: "I'm sorry, but we are out of pig shorts. How about some nice brassieres for your cows?"



THAT OLD FEELING . . . Fellow looking into the mirror the morning after: "Listen Bub, I don't know who you are, but if you'll hold still long enough I'll shave you."

PLENTY OF NUTTIN' . . . One of the tales told by a local airline official is about the time he approached one of the natives of a small western Kansas town and inquired: "Is there much good hunting around here?" The native glanced around for a minute and then replied: "Well, sure, there's plenty of huntin' but damned little findin'."

LINE OF THE WEEK: "I don't do anything, but I certainly keep at it all day."

LOBBY HOBBY . . . I'm a Diesel man myself. I believe there's no fuel like an oil fuel.



PASSING BUCK . . . A friend of ours reports she was riding a street car and happened to look out and see a green-back blowing down 31st and Main streets. She rang the bell, stepped off, walked calmly over to the sidewalk and picked up the buck.

MISTER, MISTER? . . . This yarn comes from the University of Illinois at Champaign where three professors stood on the Illinois Central depot platform talking like mad. They were so engrossed in conversation that they didn't hear the train come in, nor did they hear the conductor's "All Aboard" call. But they were attracted by the puffing of the engine as the train started to pull out. Two of them rushed for the train and scrambled aboard while the third looked on sheepishly.

The agent, standing by, remarked. "Too bad, Mister, but don't worry. Two out of three of you made it, and that's a good percentage."

"Yes," sighed the professor, "but the other two came down to see me off."

OKAY, WITH CORRECTIONS . . .

I dread to take a proof to the man who wants to change things.

Who says, "That's fine, just what I want, but let us rearrange things.

Let's move that building over and give the man a cane.

And add an umbrella to the scene, in case it starts to rain.

And change the girl's expression, to one of glad surprise.

And if it ain't too much trouble, change the color of her eyes.

Don't clutter up the picture with meaningless detail.

But get a dock in somewhere, with a boat about to sail.

I suggest a troop of soldiers and a fat man with the gout.

Or perhaps a railroad station with the train just pulling out.

The man is running for the train and fears he may be late.

So have him looking at his watch with the hands at half past eight.

Don't let the things get crowded, we must have room for copy.

But give the girl galoshes because the weather is sloopy.

And make that oak a maple, and make the horse a cow.

And make the hen a rooster and make that rake a plow.

With these few minor changes, everything will be okay.

We're much behind our deadline, so please finish it today.

(Thanks to Al Troxel, Continental Display Advertising Company.)



SPRING IS HERE . . . The phone rang in Ray's jewelry and watch repair shop one day and this is what came over:

"Say Ray, I wish you'd hurry up and fix that wrist watch of mine. I keep droppin' that pocket watch you loaned me."

FOLKS ALARM . . . A few days after the two tragic hotel fires in Chicago and Dubuque, workmen were burning tar paper covering from a section of new cement walk alongside the Kansas City Club, down on 13th and Baltimore. As the clouds of yellowish smoke swirled towards the heavens, a figure was seen climbing out of a window on the 13th floor of the club. The man, carrying a suitcase, made his way carefully down the grated iron steps. He looked neither left nor right nor down as the bystanders watched his progress. The more they hollered at him that there was no fire, the more the man hurried.

Finally, two or three floors above the sidewalk, he did look down and saw what caused the smoke. He then made his way back up the fire escape and climbed back in the same window.

OR FROG LEGS? . . . A waiter in the diner of a Missouri Pacific train approached a regal-looking woman and bent over her solicitously. "Pardon me," he asked, "are you the cold salmon?"

RIGHT SIGH-ZE . . . Heard in a woman's shoe store: "Ouch! I'll take that pair!"

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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- LOS ANGELES 13**
8 South Hill St.
Alchigon 6203
- KANSAS CITY 6**
Carritt Building
Harrison 1161

KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX APRIL-MAY '46	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A.M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A.M.—12 Noon	24.6	24.0	14.6	19.5	12.7	3.4
WEEKDAYS P.M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P.M.	25.4	20.7	25.8	10.3	14.9	1.3
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P.M.	17.7	28.3	27.4	10.8	12.2	3.0
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A.M.—6 P.M.	30.4	28.9	13.7	7.6	17.0	0.6



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WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

